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ROME AND FLORENCE.

IT appears certain that, after so many delays, after so many shiftings backwards and forwards, the EMPEROR has determined to take a decisive step towards withdrawing the French troops from Rome. A Convention is stated to have been actually signed between him and the King of ITALY. The *Constitutionnel*, which is said in Paris to be not so much a journal as a Pythoness, has delivered an oracular utterance, and its utterance happens to be perfectly intelligible. The terms of the agreement are made known. The POPE is to retain his present territory, and the Italian Government undertakes, not only not to invade it, but to oppose any force that may seek to invade it. It gives, in fact, a guarantee against the action of the Revolutionary party in Italy, and it pledges itself that, even if GARIBALDI is at the head of the invading forces, there shall be another Aspromonte. Further, Italy engages to become responsible for a portion of the debt of the Papal States, answering to the value of the Papal territory which has fallen into her hands. The POPE is to be allowed to raise as large an army as he pleases, and devout Frenchmen are to be permitted, like the rest of the faithful, to rush to the defence of the head of their religion. Lastly, the Italian Government undertakes to fix the capital of united Italy at Florence, and thus to abandon, in principle, that selection of Rome as the only possible capital which CAVOUR brought his countrymen to accept as a political axiom. There can be no doubt that this is a compromise which hard necessity has gradually induced the Italians to listen to. It is very different from the programme held out a year or two ago. Then the Italian Parliament was to meet under the shadow of the Capitol, the reign of priests was to be over, and the POPE was to wander in his luxurious gardens, surveying with a gentle and wondering patience the ruins, not only of Imperial, but of Pontifical Rome. It was supposed that the POPE would be, in the Vatican, very much what the Archbishop of CANTERBURY is at Lambeth. The English Primate has a fine old house, and a good library, and shady antique gardens; he is honoured by his servants and the clergy; he is welcomed in the palace of his Sovereign; he heads the proclamations of religious societies; but, if he wants to know where real power lies, he must look across the river to the gilded towers of the Houses of Parliament. This was the dream of Italian patriots, perhaps of CAVOUR, possibly even of the EMPEROR himself. But Catholicism has been too strong for the accomplishment of such a scheme. The great world of the Roman faith will not tolerate that its head should sink into the position of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. It insists that the POPE shall not be merely a spiritual chief, but shall have a visible and temporal sovereignty. And, for the moment at least, the Catholics have triumphed, and the issue is to be fairly tried whether the POPE can obtain, for love or money, a force sufficient to keep down his discontented subjects.

It is said that Italy will never tolerate this, that the Party of Action will insist on having Rome as the capital, and that united Italy can never hold together unless the acquisition of Rome stifles all provincial jealousies. We have so often heard that Italy can or cannot do this or that, and that it is determined at all hazards to run its head against a succession of stone walls, and yet we have so constantly found the Italians acting with sense, and accepting disagreeable things when clearly inevitable, that we have learnt to distrust all these abstract conclusions from the nature of things and from the bias of the Italian character. No one can tell whether CAVOUR, in proclaiming that Rome must be the capital of Italy, acted on the impulse of the moment, or on a deep calculation. Even if he was uttering the results of profound reflection, it is difficult to say whether he believed that to hold out Rome as the future capital of Italy was the best method of tranquillizing for the moment the rival

jealousies of provincial cities, or whether he really thought that the pear was ripe, and that the time had come for the Temporal Power to disappear. If we were to hazard a guess, we should surmise that he was carried away by the appearances of the hour, and that he, as well as the EMPEROR, underrated the latent strength of Catholicism. At any rate, since his death, it has been evident that the occupation of Rome by a secular sovereignty was not at all the simple thing that it seems to honest Englishmen, and to single-hearted fanatics like GARIBALDI. It cannot be too sedulously remembered that Rome is not only the centre of an ecclesiastical sovereignty, but of a vast and ancient ecclesiastical machinery. To hand over Rome to a lay prince would be, to the ecclesiastical world of the Roman faith, what the stoppage of a national bank would be to the social world of timid investors. The operation of the vast religious machinery which stretches wherever civilized man can penetrate would be paralysed—at least for the moment—by the reduction of Rome to the state of a sensible, worldly, lay city. No one who has traced the history of religious corporations can fail to be alive to the influence exercised by the mere fact that the spirit which breathes through the whole has, in some one spot, a local habitation. Protestants may think that, if this spirit ceased altogether to breathe, no one would be the loser; but it is not wonderful that Catholics should think differently, and that the Catholic party in France should have forced on the EMPEROR the necessity of recognising that Rome must, for the present at least, belong to the POPE. No one yet has ventured to explain how, if Rome were the capital of Italy, any position could be offered to the POPE which the Catholic world would not resent as a bitter insult. This Convention must, therefore, be accepted as a confession, both on the part of Italy and of the EMPEROR, that Rome cannot become the property of the secular power. In no way could this confession be made more formally than by fixing the capital at Florence. That the choice of Florence is meant to be merely provisional is an assumption directly contrary to the whole tenor of the Convention. To choose Florence is to abandon Rome, and Rome is abandoned because forces against which Italy and the EMPEROR are powerless insist that Rome shall be governed by its Bishop. It may turn out that its Bishop cannot govern Rome, and that his rule is too odious to be upheld by the troops he can hire or attract. But, at any rate, the experiment is to be fairly tried, and it could scarcely be said to be tried fairly so long as the Italian Government remained at Turin, with the avowed ambition of moving to Rome at the earliest opportunity. The transfer of the seat of government to Florence is not a step towards Rome, so much as a visible sign of the willingness of Italy to let the POPE govern in Rome if he can.

But then, it may be asked, what is the good of the change, and how does it profit either Italy or the EMPEROR that the French troops should quit Rome at the end of two years, if Rome is still to be separated from Italy, and to be held down by an army of foreign recruits? The answer is not difficult to find. Any plan by which the French troops are withdrawn from Rome without offending and exasperating the Catholic party is a gain to the EMPEROR. It relieves him from the odium of upholding an ecclesiastical tyranny; it saves him from the reproach of treating his chosen allies in Italy little better than their deadly enemies of Vienna treat them, and it conciliates the Liberal party in France. Nor ought it to be omitted that the EMPEROR has always clung with a curious tenacity to the ideas of his youth, and that his dislike of the Papal power dates from a very early period of his life. Italy also may hope to derive substantial advantages from the change, if she is wise enough to accept it contentedly. In the first place, she will thus show that she has the wisdom to acknowledge facts, and that she can see, on second thoughts, all the

objections to placing her capital in a city desolated by malaria, and inhabited by a large population of ecclesiastics and of those poor lay creatures whom the constant supervision of ecclesiastics fiddles into imbecility or infuriates into despair. In the next place, the mere acceptance of Florence instead of Rome as their capital will destroy, in the minds both of the Italians themselves and of the world at large, the chimerical notion that they cannot learn to fight hard and to grow rich unless they are always crying for the moon. They will also stand to Rome in a perfectly different position from that which they now occupy. They cannot now put down the brigandage which issues from the Papal territories without coming into collision with the French authorities; but if the French are gone, even the most ardent Catholics will scarcely claim that the Bishop of a tiny territory should be at liberty to send at his pleasure troops of wandering malefactors into the dominions of a great secular Sovereign. And lastly, Italy, if her capital is established at Florence, and if the French quit Rome, will stand in a new position towards Austria. It is said that, as a consequence of the Convention, the Italian Ministry intends to propose the reduction of the army by a hundred thousand men. Some step of the sort must be taken unless war is begun, for Italy has a much larger army than it can pay. The expenses of peace are actually making even war hopeless. But the large army which Italy has hitherto kept up has been maintained, not merely for the purposes of a possible war, but in order to win general respect, and to win respect from the French as well as from the rest of the world. No sane Italian thought of fighting France, but the Italians thought, perhaps with justice, that the French would look with much more favourable eyes on a nation that was teaching itself to fight on a great scale. But when once all difficulties between France and Italy are settled, Italy has only to look to Austria; and, as against Austria, the best policy of Italy is obviously to husband her resources and to instruct in the arts of war a much larger proportion of her population than she actually pays. A hundred thousand disbanded soldiers ought to be so many disciplined men on whom she can rely if she fights Austria, but who, in the meantime, support themselves; and in no other way can it be conceived that Italy should ever raise a force which should justify her in disputing with Austria the possession of the Quadrilateral and of Venetia.

SPAIN.

THE list of the new Spanish Ministry looks as if it might have been drawn up while military revolutions and popular insurrections alternately prevailed, twenty years ago. Marshal NARVAEZ, who is now President of the Council, was the rival of the respectable and imbecile LAFAYETTE of Spain, the ex-Regent ESPARTERO; and the Minister of the Interior, GONZALES BRAVO, was considered the most unprincipled of the numerous adventurers who placed their services at the disposal of Queen ISABELLA and her mother. The creditors of the Spanish Government must be extraordinarily sanguine if they expect that the incoming Cabinet will appreciate the expediency of recognising the national debt. On the other hand, it is scarcely probable that NARVAEZ and his colleagues will attempt any violent encroachment on the constitutional forms which, in a future generation, may perhaps serve as the foundation of a Parliamentary Government. The Spaniards have scarcely kept pace with the progress of political knowledge, for they still repudiate toleration, and they believe Free Trade to be another name for English monopoly; yet, unless their own experience has been utterly wasted, they must have discovered the inconvenience of violent political changes. There is reason to believe that no other European country has made, within the present generation, equal advances in prosperity; and the improvement can be attributed neither to the Court nor to the Cortes, and only in a small degree to the ability of successive Ministers. The material regeneration of Spain has been produced by the suspension of disturbing causes, and especially of civil war, and it would be highly imprudent to recommence the cycle of anarchy by a palace plot. It is much easier to manage a Continental Parliament than openly to supersede its functions. Representatives of the people, elected by a wide suffrage, and carefully divested of all real power, form by no means the least effective support of modern thrones. It seems that the imaginative faculty is sufficiently active in the Spanish mind to sustain a certain loyalty even to the reigning branch of the BOURBONS. If the Royal proceedings are not strictly monastic, the population apparently regards with satisfaction the influence which is exercised by a nun. A system of paradoxical com-

promises often attains a success which could scarcely have been anticipated. The Spanish nation is equally disinclined to restore the Church lands and to break with the POPE; and the QUEEN probably consults the wishes of her subjects, as well as her own spiritual interests, by refusing to recognise the semi-schismatical King of ITALY, and by offering from time to time a contingent asylum to the persecuted POPE. In some respects Queen ISABELLA may be regarded as one of the most fortunate of living potentates. Her dynasty is, to all appearance, firmly established, although she inherited thirty years ago a more than doubtful title; and, instead of depending on the precarious devotion of her adherents, she has the power of deciding between the conflicting pretensions of rival statesmen. Her reign will perhaps be remembered as the epoch at which Spain once more emerged into the rank of a great Power, although the first experiments in external action have been inglorious and trivial.

O'DONNELL, who is generally considered the ablest of Spanish statesmen, sought popularity a few years ago by a safe and inexpensive war with his powerless neighbours in Morocco. The next effort of Spanish vigour was the recovery of San Domingo with the aid of a mulatto conspirator. The project of restoring Spanish influence in Mexico was defeated by the rival ambition of France, and in a remote adventure in Cochin China the more powerful confederate secured the glory and the profit of the enterprise. Marshal NARVAEZ succeeds to the inheritance of a petty civil war in San Domingo, and to a recent usurpation of some small Peruvian islands. It is probable that both undertakings will be prosecuted for popular amusement and gratification. As an army and fleet must be maintained, they may as well be occasionally employed, and neither the unfortunate inhabitants of San Domingo nor the Peruvian Republic can be feared as formidable adversaries. The Spanish nation is also disposed to hope that the English, as the principal consumers of guano, may be especially annoyed by the seizure of the Chincha Islands; and the ludicrous alarms of the runaway Commissioner who was instructed to find a cause of quarrel may perhaps be used as a pretext for retaining the islands when the original dispute is settled. The new Ministers will not acknowledge that they are less vigorous or less patriotic than their predecessors. Internal reforms are always disagreeable to a party, while sometimes they are generally unpopular, and it is safer to flatter national vanity than to remove accustomed abuses. The reduction of the tariff would enrich the country and the Treasury more considerably than the acquisition of all the guano in the Pacific; but the manufacturers would be dangerous opponents to an unsettled Government, and valuable allies to any ambitious competitor. Even the smugglers, whose profits depend on the maintenance of high duties, may perhaps be worth considering.

As the cause of O'DONNELL's removal from office has never been clearly explained, it has been conjectured that the ex-Minister has put NARVAEZ forward as a temporary substitute until it is convenient for himself to return to the head of the Government. There is always a probability that a change of Ministry in Spain is the result of a Court intrigue. NARVAEZ himself once received a conditional promise of a perpetual Presidency of the Council if he would connive at a peculiarly scandalous personal arrangement. O'DONNELL forced himself into power by a military demonstration, though he afterwards contrived to make his peace with the QUEEN. When statesmen degenerate into courtiers, there is always risk of national decay; but, fortunately, Spanish candidates for power are compelled to take the Cortes, to a certain extent, into account in their calculations. The QUEEN herself was, during a considerable part of her reign, regarded as a usurper by Legitimists, and her right to supersede the male line of the BOURBONS was exclusively deduced from a Parliamentary title. Even if she considers herself so firmly seated that she can dispense with constitutional support, her Ministers are probably not unwilling to retain some security against Royal caprice. The merest pretence of representative government is better than undisguised absolutism. If ESPARTERO had possessed either ability or moral courage, he might perhaps have converted the Constitution into a reality; and NARVAEZ and O'DONNELL unconsciously pursue the same object when they take pains to secure a majority, even by the use of corruption and violence. Historians have frequently remarked that JAMES I.'s employment of undertakers to manage the elections, although it gave offence to contemporary patriots, was a proof of the increasing importance of Parliaments. As long as an Opposition survives, the control of a representative body by a Minister imposes many restraints on arbitrary power. It is only in countries like

Greece, where King OTHO used to buy up the whole Assembly, that corruption ceases to be, in some sense, a tribute to freedom. If NARVAEZ should be so ill-advised as to attempt any revolutionary innovation for the benefit of the Crown, he will supply a pretext to some rival politician for a constitutional counterplot.

Political changes in Spain possess little direct interest for foreigners, although Spaniards probably suppose that the unfortunate bondholders are identical with the English nation. It would be agreeable to see justice done to any class of English subjects, but Spain is more directly interested than England in the restoration of public credit. Five or six millions would soon be refunded in the form of railway dividends, of profits in trade, and of lower interest on money. As far as foreign capitalists are concerned in Spanish affairs, they will act prudently in abstaining from advice and remonstrance, for national prejudices are generally stimulated by a suspicion that any proposed measure is calculated to benefit foreigners. Exeter Hall itself, perhaps, helps to perpetuate the penal laws of Spain by its vigilant regard for the rights of persecuted Spanish Protestants. Even the slave trade in Cuba is recommended to general sympathy by the knowledge that it is inconsistent with an obnoxious treaty, and that it is peculiarly repugnant to English feelings. It is better to make allowance for a mistaken point of honour than to waste time and influence in idle reproaches. There are many excuses for Spanish sensitiveness, both in the past history of the country and in its improving prospects. Three centuries ago the Spanish army possessed a superiority to all adversaries which has never been attained, except by the Greeks, or subsequently by the Romans. At that time Spain alone was a match for the united strength of France and England, and long afterwards, when the national power had dwindled away, the Spanish BOURBONS retained the conventional rank which had belonged to their HAPSBURG predecessors. After disappearing for fifty or sixty years from the councils of Europe, Spain, as she recovers her prosperity, not unnaturally affects her former character as the protectress of Catholicism, and as the enemy of modern and new-fangled thrones. It is the true policy of England to favour the multiplication of independent Powers, and the increase of wealth in any part of the world unavoidably benefits the greatest commercial nation.

LORD PALMERSTON AT WILTON.

THE ceremony which took place at Wilton on Wednesday is a faithful sample of the kind of "function" of which Englishmen are fond. They do not care much for shows or sights; and they have a perfect aversion to seeing any of their countrymen, lay or clerical, dress in gaudy and peculiar costume. But, from their distaste for the element which bears the chief part in a Continental solemnity, it would not be accurate to conclude that they like to stay at home and have no functions at all. Their tastes in that way retain a strong flavour of the barbaric. The passion which they desire to gratify on these occasions is a mixture of sensuality and hero-worship. A great man and a great feed are the two things which are indispensable to make a public gathering go off well in England. And, of these two things, there is no doubt that the great feed takes the precedence in rank. A moderately great man is put up with, if a better is not to be got, but no English assembly ever forgave any moderation in the supply of victuals. It is obvious that it would be possible to do justice to an ample meal even if there was no great man to worship; but it would be out of the question to pay proper respect, or indeed any respect at all, to the very greatest of men, if there was no food to eat.

The company at Wilton had the opportunity of indulging themselves to the utmost in both kinds of enjoyment, for they had "a grand luncheon," and Lord PALMERSTON to listen to after it was eaten. There was also another adjunct to the entertainment, which has come largely into request in recent years. As other forms of worship are going somewhat out of fashion, we are betaking ourselves to a *culte* not unlike that "worship of the ancestors" which the Chinese have adopted in substitution for more complicated rites. A ceremony which is something between a "euthanasia" and a funeral oration has been recently celebrated for all our departed worthies, the list being completed by this gathering of Volunteers at the place where SIDNEY HERBERT lived so long, and where he left so many memorials of himself. It was this mortuary flavour in the function which contributed much to make it go off so well. There is no occasion on which Lord PALMERSTON appears to so much advantage as

when he is called upon to do or say something in honour of a departed friend or colleague. He lies under no temptation to make bad jokes; and though his speeches are, on these as on all other occasions, rather singular for their deficiency in forcible expression or original thought, yet the moment is one that requires rather good feeling and gentlemanly tact than exhibitions of intellectual power. Such qualities were displayed in the oration which he lately delivered upon the memory of Sir GEORGE LAWIS, at the uncovering of his statue; and they were equally displayed in the delicate and almost unconscious allusions by which he connected the Volunteer movement, which he came there to eulogize, with the memory of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT.

In addition to the gratification of having been present upon such a touching opportunity, the company who were present had the advantage of seeing how a practised speaker can make a speech of a column long without having anything to say. If any one of them came hoping for more than this, he was sadly disappointed. Lord PALMERSTON's assertion that we are more assailable, in a military point of view, because we have no land frontier, would undoubtedly have a right to claim the merit of representing an original thought, if it could be said to represent any thought at all. If, as he considers, we are more open to an invading army than any of the Continental monarchies, our system of substituting a half-drilled Volunteer and Militia force for a great standing army becomes utterly indefensible. Its apology is, that it can only be in the last resort that we shall be compelled to defend our frontier at all; and that, therefore, the necessity of so costly a protection as a large standing army does not apply to us as it does to those who must stake everything upon their military defence. It was a curious argument, as exhibiting the amount of thought which a veteran speaker thinks it necessary to bestow upon an audience whom he has no immediate object in convincing. It was better to flatter them than to convince them; and it was decidedly flattering for them to be told that England prefers a system of Volunteer defence to the regular armies of the Continent, because the frontier of England is more difficult to defend.

But it was probably not to hear what Lord PALMERSTON had to say—not to criticize or to be instructed by his arguments—that what the reporter calls the *élite* of the county of Wiltshire assembled on Wednesday last. They came to see an unexampled phenomenon—a spectacle such as England has never seen before. For all the ordinary purposes of a Prime Minister, Lord PALMERSTON has perhaps lost some of his efficiency. He cannot quite control the unruly combination of Ministers whom, when he was a few years younger, he brought together. His CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER sets him at defiance, and his FOREIGN SECRETARY is perpetually leading him into trouble. But still he is not the less one of England's wonders—her choicest and rarest show. He is such a PRIME MINISTER as she has never seen before, and may possibly never see again. His merits are summed up in the one word that he is eighty. It is not to be wondered that crowds flock together to see him. The English people love that kind of show which consists in the exhibition of difficulties overcome by vigour and pluck. They will come together in thousands to see BLONDIN cook an omelette on a tight rope, or to witness the feat of a woman walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. The objects to be seen are not otherwise fascinating, and the feats performed do not argue any very lofty merit in the performer. But there is something in itself attractive in the spectacle of unparalleled effort to overcome the obstacles of natural law. The popular feeling towards Lord PALMERSTON is of the same kind. His speeches may not be models of eloquence; they may even be remarkable for vacuity. But they derive a value that cannot be surpassed from this—that they are the speeches of a Prime Minister of eighty. He is performing a kind of match with time, holding on to his office in spite of the advances of time, and defying time to do his worst. As months go on, the interest deepens. The feat becomes more and more extraordinary, the match more and more exciting. All the world ought to crowd together, while yet there is time, to see a performance that will some day be a matter of curious historical record, and to hear such speeches as have never before been made under such a weight of years. It will depend on Lord PALMERSTON's strength, or his pleasure, or the advantage which he thinks his frequent appearances may produce for his party, how long he will display his remarkable physical powers for the astonishment and entertainment of his provincial fellow-countrymen. But he may be quite sure that, so long as he is willing to continue the exhibition, he will find no lack of spectators.

Those who witnessed the spectacle and heard him speak of Lord HERBERT can hardly have refrained from comparing the different lot which has attended the two men. The comparative endurance of different bodily frames is a mystery that defies all antecedent prediction and all subsequent explanation. Half Lord PALMERSTON's career was run before Lord HERBERT had left college. When Lord HERBERT was born, Lord PALMERSTON was a young official, giving no promise of future eminence, distinguished only by his reluctance to take part in debate, and his unbending Tory principles. When Lord HERBERT reached his majority, Lord PALMERSTON had but recently come to the conclusion that he had been a subordinate official long enough, and had calculated that a change from unbending Toryism to an intense Reforming zeal would compensate in solid advantage for the slight damage of credit it might involve. Lord HERBERT entered the political arena. He became Lord PALMERSTON's opponent, and then he became his follower. He rose rapidly in fame and power, and men spoke of him as the successor obviously destined to wear Lord PALMERSTON's mantle when it fell. But the labour which seems to have infused vital strength into his chief was deadly to him. He had every quality needed for a powerful and long-lived statesman, except the *peu de zèle*, which is the only possible condition of a protracted struggle against the toil of English politics. His heart was in his work, and therefore he did it well—and died. He left Lord PALMERSTON, who had been in office at his birth, still in office at his death, and still in office three years later to pay a tribute to his memory. He lived, however, to see the last change in his chief's eventful life. The PALMERSTON whom he remembered first as a Tory, and then as a Reformer, became, for all practical purposes, again a Tory before he died. It was a few months before Lord HERBERT's death that Lord PALMERSTON, after many years of insincere adhesion, finally renounced Reform. A recollection of his own career, and a survey of the politicians he has around him, must give Lord PALMERSTON a very cynical feeling touching the convictions or the consistency of public men. His Cabinet is a collection of the statesmen who, at various periods of his life, have been bitterly opposed to him. Forty years ago, he was a Tory, and Lord RUSSELL was a Whig. Twenty years ago, he was a Whig, and Mr. GLADSTONE was a Conservative. And it was but six years ago that both combined with Mr. GIBSON to turn him out of office. The list of transmutations is not complete without the mention of the one remaining statesman of an older day whom his Ministry does not contain. Lord DERBY forty years ago was his opponent, a little more than thirty years ago was his colleague, and now is his opponent again. The roll of changes is probably closed now, and his friends and adversaries will remain as they are up to the end. In other countries—where events, when they move at all, move more precipitately—there would be nothing surprising in such a career. But it is probably some time since the witness, and the subject, of so many political conversions has addressed an English audience. Associated with such memories, exhibiting such marvellous physical powers, Lord PALMERSTON is privileged to speak without any solicitude as to the amount of matter which his speeches may contain, and it is a privilege of which he is obviously determined fully to avail himself.

RUSSIA.

THE Danish papers, in speculating on the brilliant marriage which, it is said, is to crown the fortunes of their Royal Family, take occasion to point out the very different degree of importance which attaches to a Russian as compared with an English connexion. The Prince of WALES is a most amiable young man, but, as sad experience shows, he can do no more to help his father-in-law than if he were the heir to Mecklenburg or Hesse. But the son of the CZAR is a very superior sort of son-in-law, for the CZAR can do as he pleases, and he is not likely to see with patience the humiliation of a family with which he has been pleased to ally himself. Once more these poor Danes are leaning on a rotten reed. If England will not or cannot help them, Russia is equally unlikely to interest herself in their quarrels. So far as kind words can go, Russia has gone further than England. No one stuck up so stoutly for Denmark at the London Conferences as the representative of Russia. But, when the time came to act, Russia was as inactive as England. Both the great Powers, to whom the Treaty of London was due, failed to support it when the hour of trial came, and they failed because each had gone through serious political changes. England has learnt, from the experience of

the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny, how heavy is the cost at which alone she can henceforth engage herself in a great Continental war. Our soldiers are very few and very precious. But the trials of England are nothing to those which Russia has had to undergo. She has passed from being a strong offensive Power to being a Power barely strong enough for her own defence. We ourselves did our utmost to break her strength, and we succeeded. In whatever other respects the Crimean war may have been a failure, it was in one respect an entire success. It shattered that dominion over central Europe which Russia had built up for many years with so much pains and such endless perseverance. It is indirectly to the siege of Sebastopol that Count BISMARCK owes his present opportunity. And, since the Crimean war, Russia has had to sustain two great shocks. She has had to undergo the social convulsion arising from the emancipation of the serfs, and she has had to encounter the fury of the Polish insurrection. Both shocks have been met boldly and successfully; but Russia is not where she was; and she has to strain every nerve to meet the consequences which the emancipation and the insurrection have left behind them. Speculation loses itself in the contemplation of the vast difficulties and embarrassments which the conversion of twenty-three millions of serfs into families of free landed proprietors must necessarily bring about. It is true that not above one-fifth of the serfs are at this moment free proprietors; but they hold their land subject to a rent, or to a service commutable into rent, which the Government by a machinery of extensive loans is enabling them to pay off; and no one can say what will be the effect of such a social change in a country where there is no middle class, and where the great proprietors have had no experience in government, and are bound to those below them by no ties of personal confidence. For the present, the Polish insurrection, hopeless from the outset, has been effectually put down. But, as is pointed out in an excellent and most instructive article on Russia in the *North British Review*, there are new difficulties added to those which the government of Poland has always entailed on Russia. There now exists none of that spirit of compromise on either side which a few years ago made it barely possible that Poland might accept, and that Russia might concede, some form of modified national independence in the Kingdom of Poland, if not beyond. Blood has flowed too freely to permit any issue to be entertained except that of complete subjugation or complete separation. And, in the next place, the very policy which Russia has adopted to strengthen her hold on Poland may be sowing the seeds of a rising as much more formidable than the last as it was more formidable than that of 1831. The peasants have had large tracts of land granted to them. They will thus rise in the scale of society, and in the possession of knowledge and wealth. But, in the Kingdom at least, it has been found that, in proportion as each class rises materially, it learns to feel the thirst for national independence. Between 1831 and 1863 the middle class had made great strides, and it was because the middle class had become imbued with a passion for independence that this last insurrection has given Russia so much trouble and so much anxiety. If the Polish peasants become sufficiently elevated to understand what patriotism means, the next insurrection may easily tax the resources of Russia more than either of its predecessors.

This removal of Russia from the stage of active European politics has produced, and is producing, many very important results. The Europe of to-day is becoming daily more unlike the Europe of the days which followed the downfall of NAPOLEON. The political theories which the state of the Continent then suggested, and which posterity, if it cares to disinter them, will find embalmed in Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON's voluminous works, are fast dying away. For many years it was held as an indisputable axiom that it was the business of England and Germany to play off France and Russia against each other, and that every effort must be used to restrain and weaken those aggressive and evil-minded Powers. In its day the notion was by no means false. If France is not so ambitious and so domineering as she was, it is in a great measure because we have convinced her that peace is better for her than war. If Russia is less terrible than she was, it is because England has helped to clip her claws. The policy of Lord PALMERSTON, in the days when Lord PALMERSTON had a policy, consisted in showing a bold front to France, and in organizing a resistance to Russia which should some day give her a decisive check; and the policy of Lord PALMERSTON, in a rough and imperfect way, attained its ends. But now things are altered. Russia has drawn back

into herself, and France is looking on quietly, while Germany is consolidating herself and tasting the delicious sense of new-born power. Through the aid of France, Italy also is rising into the ranks of the States which can successfully claim a voice in the settlement of the destinies of Europe; and, with Russia out of the field, and Italy and Northern Germany coming into new life and strength, the balance of power is being adjusted in a new way with a rapidity which is very hard on the great historical prophet of the Tories. England, certainly, has no reason to regret the course which events have taken, and may look with much more confidence to the constitution of two strong Powers in Italy and North Germany than she could ever have felt in the German Bund, which, although practically unable to do good or harm to any human being, was theoretically able to withstand the pressure and frustrate the designs both of the Republicans on the West and of the Cossacks on the East. We have also a more private and special reason for being pleased that Russia has been discovered to be weak as an offensive Power. We have got rid of the bugbear of a Russian invasion of our Indian territory. We no longer concern ourselves with the intrigues which, in the fastnesses of the wild countries that lie between Persia and the Western Himalayas, raised up one barbarian to please Russia, and put down another to gratify England. Perhaps the dangers which in old days were apprehended from Russian influence were not wholly chimerical; and it may be that we are now safe from them, partly because we ourselves are stronger, and partly, too, because all these savage tribes have found out that the CZAR is not so near, nor his arm so long, as they fancied. But, at any rate, the dangers, such as they were, have passed away, and we have every reason to believe that, so far as Russia is concerned, we shall be left to manage India as we please.

The position of Russia is said to be changing at home as well as abroad, and in some conspicuous respects the change is for the better. The CZAR is on the side of reform, and the CZAR can make reform fashionable even in Russia. The effect of the Crimean war was to depress that party which is chiefly guided by men of German origin, and which seeks to make Russia a commanding European Power; while the Muscovite or national party, which aims at internal improvements and nurses dreams of seeing Russia at the head of all the Slavonic races, was proportionately elevated. This party is at least led by men, if it cannot be said to be formed of men, who wish to see a large share of the governing power committed to local authorities. The proprietors, who have lost most in dignity and importance by the emancipation of the serfs, are said to be inclined to seek a compensation in the erection of something like constitutional government, and more especially in the discharge of the duties which have been confided to the local Commissions instituted to aid the executive in carrying out emancipation. The desire for wealth, too, is becoming strong in Russia, and if she can but find the money for her railways, she will discover the means of gratifying and stimulating this desire in the development of her boundless resources. But there is a dark side to this bright prospect. The CZAR has made reform fashionable, but a fashion that depends on the pleasure of an autocrat is always precarious. The wealth and knowledge of Russia, on which free government must rest, are still in the airy future. The proprietors may be anxious to take part in governing, but they have had no training, and may very likely be tempted to use their authority for the promotion of their own private interests. The mass of the Russian people is composed of persons who, so far as political knowledge and capability go, are little better than savages, although they are gentle and Christianized savages, and have a charm and virtue of their own. There is no middle class, and so altogether the elements of a liberal and progressive Government do not seem very abundant. Russia, too, suffers under many special disadvantages. The Greek Church is not a very inspiring or elevating institution for a people to obey. Society is under the curse of a poor and extensive nobility numbering little less than two million persons, and only a very small portion of this number have any social or political importance except what the CZAR may be pleased to give them for the moment. The complicated hierarchy of functionaries which owes its existence to the perverted ingenuity of PETER the GREAT demoralizes and oppresses the people; and to combat all this there are only the CZAR himself, some of his immediate friends or relations, and a sprinkling of educated and sensible men among the landed proprietors or the inhabitants of the great towns. Candid well-wishers to Russia, like the writer of the article to which we have referred, are therefore obliged to own that they wish more than they hope; and that although the emancipation of

the serfs has been the beginning of a real reform, and although Russia is profiting internally by her exclusion from the active politics of Europe, yet no one can say how far this reform will go, or how long she will persevere in the course which circumstances and the CZAR have forced her to take.

MR. BAXTER AT MONTROSE.

MR. BAXTER, who lately made a speech to his constituents at Montrose, enjoys almost an unfair advantage over members who have nothing to say except that they like Lord PALMERSTON, or perhaps that they dislike the Danish Correspondence. Strong opinions have the double convenience of justifying vigorous language and of indicating apparent originality or daring. There is a satisfaction in displaying courage in the absence of danger by advocating measures which are not at present subjects of practical controversy. As there is no reason to doubt Mr. BAXTER's sincerity, he may be congratulated on the possession of definite and popular convictions. It must be pleasant to believe that the public expenses might be largely reduced without injury to the public service, and that Parliamentary Reform would, at the same time, leave things as they are and produce inestimable benefits. Mr. BAXTER relied so confidently on the frugal propensities of his audience that he claimed for himself the credit of resisting a form of expenditure which, at first sight, appears not wholly unjustifiable. A Committee of the House of Commons on dock accommodation recommended the construction of more extensive works than those which had been proposed by the Government, and, by a majority of eleven to four, they actually sanctioned the commencement of a Government dock at Cork. The minority consisted of Mr. STANSFELD, Mr. LEATHAM, Mr. LAWSON, and Mr. BAXTER himself. Of course the Montrose meeting applauded their patriotic member, yet the enthusiasm which is excited by a scrupulous regard for the public purse is tempered with the reflection that it might be as well also to consult the public interest. The authority in favour of the dock at Cork is as eleven to four against the virtuous opponents of the scheme; and if a Committee, after hearing evidence, was convinced that large iron-clad ships require large docks, the conclusion is not so paradoxical as to warrant a blind concurrence in Mr. BAXTER's censure. The moral which is deduced from the Report of the Committee consists of a lamentation over the loss of influence which the House may incur "if there is to be a secret pecuniary interest stronger than party feeling, stronger than political sentiment, connecting men on both sides, inducing them to encourage expenditure . . . and rendering them quite uncertain and unreliable in matters where engineers and contractors, railways and joint-stock companies, are concerned." Mr. BAXTER is, of course, prepared to prove that the great majority of his colleagues on the Committee were actuated by "a secret pecuniary influence," or, in other words, were guilty of a disgraceful fraud. It would have been better to publish the names of the members who must be supposed to have been bribed by engineers and contractors, but it is not easy to understand the denunciation of railways and joint-stock companies. Perhaps some railway company interested in the traffic of Cork bought the votes of the delinquent Committee, though Mr. STANSFELD, Mr. LEATHAM, Mr. LAWSON, and Mr. BAXTER indignantly refused the wages of corruption. It is impossible to adopt the alternative supposition that Mr. BAXTER insinuated a false and odious charge for the mere purpose of a rhetorical flourish.

There is nothing to be said against Mr. BAXTER's advocacy of an extension of the suffrage, except that he fails to answer the objections and to remove the doubts which have hitherto induced the House of Commons almost unanimously to discountenance projects of reform. Nobody disputes the extension of elementary education, or the intelligence of superior artisans; but the present constituency, if it were diluted by an addition of double its numbers, would be practically disfranchised; and it is at least uncertain whether a humbler class of voters could be as safely trusted with the ultimate sovereignty of the country. There are undoubtedly arguments on both sides, but the conflicting commonplaces are nearly exhausted. If Mr. BAXTER could explain away Marylebone, he would be better employed than in quoting the claptrap phrases in which Sir JAMES GRAHAM proclaimed his reconversion to the creed of Reform. It is impossible to foresee the effect of the next election on the movement

which failed so unexpectedly in the earlier Sessions of the present Parliament. It is possible that Reform pledges may again be exacted at the hustings, though the Conservative candidates will not repeat the blunder of entering into a dishonest competition of liberal professions. The salutary tergiversation of 1860 and 1861 will perhaps scarcely admit of repetition, and if an agitation once commences, it may gradually become serious. Political tranquillity will probably not last for ever; yet it may be doubted whether, because a gale may at any time arise, there is any advantage in whistling for a wind. English freedom has lasted so long that it may perhaps still for many years resist the gravitation to democracy by which it may be destined finally to perish. Mr. BAINES's Bill, which appears to Mr. BAXTER and many others studiously moderate, was supported by Mr. GLADSTONE in an argument which applied only to universal suffrage. If the machine, which now works tolerably well, is once taken to pieces, the demand for reconstruction in accordance with first principles will be speedily renewed. The ten-pound householder, the freeholder, and the fifty-pound farmer are not ideal models of political perfection; but, possessing the great merit, as Mr. BRIGHT frequently reminds his followers, of being only one million out of six or seven millions of grown-up men, they form a rough kind of aristocracy, while they are too numerous and too various to degenerate into an oligarchy. The addition to their ranks of the highest class of operatives would be a great and unmixed advantage; but a six-pound franchise in boroughs would let in a large infusion of the rabble, and a ten-pound franchise in counties would swamp the proper constituency by the votes of the towns. If aggregate boroughs could be formed, as in Wales and Scotland, from the smaller towns, one of the numerous anomalies of the present system might be advantageously abated; but, unfortunately, any measure of reform which tends to check democratic encroachment is condemned to defeat, not by its own demerits, but by inevitable want of support. Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR, if any person wishes to know his professed opinions, has invented a proportional formula, or rule of three sum, which would perhaps startle Mr. BAXTER. According to this ingenious device, the number of voters to be admitted by the next Reform Bill ought to be to the number enfranchised in 1832, as the workmen are to the middle classes. Mr. DIGBY SEYMOUR holds that some possible candidates for the suffrage are disqualified by imperfect education; and it might perhaps be argued that even a moderate amount of intellectual cultivation is compatible with questionable political integrity.

Mr. BAXTER's foreign politics are nearly equivalent to a renunciation of all foreign policy whatever. In China and on the Continent of Europe, and even in America, he desires to maintain an attitude of dignified neutrality. It is comparatively easy at present to keep aloof from European disputes; but a dignified neutrality consistently pursued in China during the last twenty years would have probably resulted in the cessation of all regular commerce, and in the establishment of a vast system of smuggling, varied by political enterprises undertaken by irresponsible adventurers. Mr. BAXTER chooses to believe that the Imperial Chinese dynasty is tottering to its fall, and he apparently considers that the murderous hordes of Taepings are likely to overthrow the established authorities. It would have been satisfactory to know whether he would abandon the European settlement at Shanghai, which is rapidly becoming the chief city of the East, to the Taepings and to the doctrine of dignified neutrality. The services which have been rendered by English officers to the cause of peace and order are universally recognised by the population of China, and the great increase of trade will provide abundant compensation for all the outlay which has been incurred. There is little danger that any future Minister will withdraw the protection which is due to English enterprise in the wealthiest country in the world.

As Mr. BAXTER's advocacy of dignified neutrality extends to the United States, his enthusiastic partisanship on the Federal side has no practical bearing. Sentiment, however, is quite as acceptable as policy in a speech on things in general, and the inhabitants of Montrose possibly preferred, even to Mr. BAXTER's fluent periods, some namby-pamby rhymes of Mr. LONGFELLOW's, in which the word "evangel" was invented to jingle with "angel." It is both convenient and easy to substitute a single issue for all the complicated questions which are really involved in every political struggle. The Southern States maintain slavery, and the Northern States are gradually arriving at the conclusion that it will be their interest to destroy the institution by force; yet it by no means follows that slavery is the only principle involved

in the war. In great struggles it is necessary to calculate the respective forces, and to understand the rights which are asserted by the belligerents. If the Federal Government is not justified in maintaining the Union by arms, it can scarcely assert its right or duty to conquer the Confederate territory for the purpose of amending its internal condition. On the other side, the South is not bound to sacrifice its independence because its defeat might possibly tend to the emancipation of the negroes. As to propositions about wars being judgments for sins and expiations of past apostasies, amateur interpretations of the designs of PROVIDENCE are at all times useless, and, as long as the result is uncertain, they have the additional defect of being wholly doubtful. It was the will of PROVIDENCE that Atlanta should be taken, and it seems to be also the will of PROVIDENCE that Richmond shall not be taken. In either case, it would be rash to assume that a divine judgment has been given for or against secession, slavery, or the Federal Constitution. Modest bystanders, while they watch the varying fortunes of a great contest, find it more profitable to note the alternate successes of each combatant than to announce the predestined close of the struggle, or to expatiate on the original causes of the quarrel.

VENICE.

SELDOM has a sadder picture been drawn of a great city and a large province than one given of Venice and Venetia in a pamphlet just issued from the French press. The tone of the writer is that of sympathy with Italy from the French point of view. The statistics used to prove the truth of his representation are taken from the documents of Austrian officials, and therefore possess some moral weight as evidence furnished against the interests of the deponents. Venetia, if painted truly, is, and has been since 1859, in a state of stagnation, social, intellectual, commercial, and agricultural, which grows more profound every year. Austria occupies the country with 150,000 soldiers, but does not and cannot govern it, except as a military department. She has given the Venetians good criminal and commercial codes, and legal guarantees for the liberty of the press and of the individual citizen; but in practice they are null. She has offered Venice a constitutional representation in the Reichsrath; but the Venetians have pointedly abstained from voting for any candidates for the Imperial Parliament; and when bureaucratic ingenuity tried to make up for the lethargy of the constituencies by a declaration that twenty deputies were duly elected, the persons named refused to act in any such capacity. No political discussion of their own affairs is ever attempted by the people. Thought appears to be asleep in city and country, not to wake till Venice is relieved from her masters. The most learned Venetians have left their homes to become professors at the various universities of free Italy. The only works now published at Venice are the historical documents of the old Republic. Painting, music, and medicine are the only arts in which Venice is willing to receive instruction at the hand of German teachers, as she might do if Austria were not her sovereign. The situation is that of a resourceless but immovable Government, a subject people whose protest is apathy, and an indefinite state of siege. Meanwhile, the taxation has increased in severity. The cost of the campaign of 1859 has been thrown upon Venetia as far as it lay in the power of the Austrians to do so, and the armed peace which has lasted ever since has been almost as costly to her as actual war. Within the last five years, the vessels entering and leaving the port of Venice have diminished 28 per cent. in number and 41 per cent. in tonnage. The value of the year's imports has in the same period decreased 27½ per cent., and that of the exports 53½ per cent. Factories are transferred from the left to the right bank of the Mincio. While Venice sinks into distress, her old rival, Genoa, finds by the extension of railways and the abolition of frontier dues a widening market in Central and Southern Italy, and has largely increased, if not doubled, her tonnage. With a fine commercial irony which the Austrian mind is probably slow to appreciate, Genoa supplies Mantua and Verona with goods at a cheaper rate than similar articles can be procured from Venice. Increased poverty brings its usual accompaniments of increased misery, class-hatreds, crime, and degradation. With her 150,000 troops echeloned over the country so as to be easily concentrated on any given field of battle at three days' notice, Austria cannot keep the highways safe from robbers or the houses from burglars. The only popular pleasure, the only national interest which goes on prospering

side by side with the growing demoralization of the land, is the Imperial lottery. In testifying her stubborn adherence to the catechism of Giusti's poem—*non vogliam Tedeschi*—Venetia is carrying out a process of slow suicide. The advantages which the rest of Italy has gained by union, as well as the high price of a disproportionate military expenditure which Italy is still obliged to maintain for the preservation of those advantages, fall with a double weight upon Venice as she stands outside the national pale. The conscript for the Austrian army who flies across the borders to enlist in the Italian has his substitute paid for by the commune to which he belongs; so that in men, or men's worth, Venice gives a contingent to both armies. While Venetians in Austrian coats are occupying Jutland in the quarrel of German nationality, fourteen thousand Venetians wear the uniforms of VICTOR EMMANUEL. While Venetia lies idle for want of capital and a flourishing population, fifty thousand Venetians, in youth or in the vigour of full manhood, have emigrated into the Italian Kingdom, as Milanese capital and industry crossed the Ticino to Turin before 1859. In short, while inside the Italian Kingdom every nerve is strained to gain material progress and cohesive national strength, Venetia grows nothing but rank weeds, and stands out to the world as the fallow-field of Italy, which the ploughs and the scarifiers of change must pass over and break up once more before it will yield a valuable crop to its occupier or owner.

This state of things the French pamphleteer regards with a gentle and complacent vanity, as the moral triumph and development of the great French idea that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. The policy, in his view as profound as prudent, which left Austria in the lawful possession of Venice, has proved by incontestable logic that Austria can make nothing of her possession. Things are so bad that they cannot go on so for ever. The very existence of the constitutional Kingdom of Italy is the gradual ruin of Austria, who sooner or later must either renounce Venice, or draw her sword for the reconquest of her authority over the whole peninsula. The problem must have one and the same solution for all Italians; either the Austrian solution, or the "solution Française." Such is the French view of the present position. Outside of France, however, it is commonly believed that the history of Italy subsequent to the treaty of Villafranca has not been exactly that which the French EMPEROR intended it to be. Whatever merit may be due to him for extorting from his adversary the most favourable terms that could be claimed as the result of the Solferino campaign, at a moment when his own resources were perhaps on the point of failing him, it is clear that he neither wished nor expected the swift cohesion of Italy as a single and strong kingdom. A Federal Italy, with a rectified French frontier, was the idea of an Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic which he worked for, which he was content to leave incomplete at Villafranca, and to the French portion of which he imperiously returned when the adhesion of Central Italy to Piedmont gave him a *locus* for claiming his wages for work done, though the result was not precisely what it should have been by the terms of the original bargain. It is certainly not due to NAPOLEON III. that the Kingdom of Naples has joined itself to the upper half of the Boot. The idea which has marched in Italy since 1859, and to which the French pamphleteer attributes the present hopelessly hopeless state of Venetia, is scarcely the property of the EMPEROR. Still, blood spilt in a cause is blood spilt, and the Italians would never have been where they are now but for the help of French bayonets. France and her EMPEROR do deserve a reasonable gratitude from Italy at large, and even—extinguished though her particular hopes were at Villafranca—from Venice as part of Italy.

It is certainly difficult, however, to find any ground for congratulation in the present prospects of Venice herself upon the facts given in the French pamphlet. The social, political, and material annihilation of the moment (except as a camping and feeding ground for Bohemian and Croatian soldiers), is not a thing to rejoice at for the city and province of Manin. The military position of Austria is apparently far firmer than it was in 1859. The Quadrilateral has since then been strengthened at every point, and the risk of its being turned from the south-east, now that the right bank of the Po is no longer ground which the Austrians can occupy peaceably, has been provided against by extensive works between the Po and Adige at Rovigo. Venice itself is as strong as Austrian engineers can make it against surprise or siege, and so absolutely at the mercy of its foreign garrison, that any rising within would be hopeless even in time of war, unless that garrison were thoroughly disorganized. If Austria is forced to depasture the land with unprofitable hordes of soldiery

under pain of immediate dispossession, Italy is equally obliged to draw heavily on the future for the maintenance of a military strength which, however necessary, is still insufficient wisely to challenge the occupiers of Venetia. If, as is alleged in the French pamphlet, Italy, as well as the Italian Tyrol, sympathises with Venice, refuses with Venice to send deputies to the Reichsrath, and desires nothing so much as to carry Pola and the command of the Northern Adriatic, along with Venice, into the arms of Italian Unity, there is all the more obvious reason why Austria should doggedly refuse to quit her present hold of Venice, even though she may be conscious that, by the sullen strength of her grasp, she is stifling the life out of her passive property. The contiguity of Italy has done Austria all the harm that the mere fact can do; and there is no pressing reason why the latter should depart from her attitude of savage and watchful non-recognition as long as Italy does not forcibly provoke her. Italy is bound by every principle of prudence and regard for the consolidation and well-doing of the several States which have achieved their freedom in her unity, not, for the sake of Venice, to hurry on a crisis at the greater risk of "an Austrian solution," or on the terms of "a French solution" to be paid for. She is equally bound by every instinct of honour, affection, sympathy, and wisdom to lavish upon Venice and the Venetians every consolation, every succour of individual welcome and fostering within her own happier borders. Poor Venice is equally bound to wait with what patience she can, and to wait indefinitely. *Durum*. But for the present, whether the hardship is lightened by patience or not, *corrigere est nefas*.

AMERICA.

THE crowded assemblage of Democrats at Chicago, and the resolutions which were adopted, represented the repeated failures of GRANT to capture, or even to approach, the defences of Richmond. The victories of FARRAGUT in the bay of Mobile, and of SHERMAN at Atlanta, find an equally intelligible expression in General M'CLELLAN's qualified acceptance of the nomination. It is no discredit to the people of the United States that their policy is influenced by their hopes or disappointments, or that peace seems more acceptable after long-continued disaster than in the full tide of apparent success. Unless the Democrats were prepared to offer peace instead of conquest, there could be no sufficient reason for disturbing the present Administration; and although the resolutions were framed in terms of intentional vagueness, the party and the country understood that Southern independence was to be acknowledged if all schemes of compromise were found impracticable. General M'CLELLAN was selected as the Democratic candidate because he was not pledged to any definite policy, and also because he was well-known in his military capacity. The Maryland delegates pointed out the inconsistency of choosing the officer who had imprisoned the representatives of their State because they were suspected of Confederate sympathies; but it was ultimately arranged that General M'CLELLAN should be nominated, and that the military interference with elections, of which he had been a chief instrument, should at the same time be denounced. As the Republicans have since, with legitimate malice, remarked, the Convention announced the necessity of immediate peace only three or four days before the fall of Atlanta. General M'CLELLAN heard of SHERMAN's victory in time to adapt his answer to the change of circumstances. He accepts the Democratic platform, declaring at the same time that the restoration of the Union is the indispensable condition of peace. As Mr. SEWARD, in recommending Mr. LINCOLN for re-election, uses precisely the same language, the party which but lately seemed likely to resume its former supremacy now shrinks, in the person of its chosen candidate, from presenting any definite issue to the constituent body. The temporary popularity of the Democrats has apparently induced Mr. LINCOLN to abandon his recent declaration that Abolition must be one of the conditions of reunion. His Secretary of State, as well as his supporters in the press, have discovered that the North cares much for the Union and comparatively little for the negroes. They have also ascertained that the candidature of FREMONT is likely to be abortive, and, in American language, they have borrowed from the Democratic platform its most available plank. If the Confederate Government were disposed to negotiate, both the great parties in the North would be bound by their pledges to receive pacific overtures. The Republicans, however, well know that, when they insist on the restoration

of the Union, the practical effect of their decision is the continuance of the war.

The Confederate Government has published an official report of the informal interview which was granted by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS to Mr. GILMORE and Mr. JAKES, when they visited Richmond with the permission of Mr. LINCOLN. The Confederate Secretary of State at the same time declares that Mr. CLAY and Mr. HOLCOMBE were not authorized to enter into any negotiation at Niagara. The volunteer diplomatists on either side had a similar mission, and in both instances it appeared that there was at the time no common basis on which a project of peace could be founded. Mr. GILMORE proposed to the Confederate President that the question of slavery should be settled by a vote of all the people of both sections, and he received the obvious and conclusive answer that Mr. LINCOLN ought to have known that the Confederate Government had no power over the institutions of its component States. Mr. DAVIS added that it would be still less possible to commit the decision of such a question to the vote of a foreign people. He had no authority to entertain proposals for negotiation except by virtue of his office as President of an independent Confederacy. As the Southern Government has never wavered or varied in its assertion of independence, the demand for reunion means the alternative of war or unconditional submission. There is no reason to suppose that the loss of Atlanta has modified the resolution of the Confederates. The possibility of the misfortune must have been known at Richmond before it actually occurred, and as SHERMAN's brilliant campaign is probably terminated for the year, his occupation of Atlanta places no immediate pressure on the decisions of the Government. General HODGINS has retreated in safety with the remains of his army, and a new position which he has occupied is at present too strong to be attacked. General SHERMAN will probably content himself, during the remainder of the autumn, with fortifying his new possession, and securing his long line of communication with Tennessee. The Confederates are for the present safe in their possession of Southern Georgia, unless indeed the capture of Mobile should expose them to a fresh invasion on the side of Alabama. It is not altogether impossible that they may profit by the interval of active operations in Georgia to detach reinforcements from Hood's army to strengthen LEE in Virginia. A heavy blow inflicted on GRANT might almost compensate for the loss of Atlanta, and it might revive the activity of the Peace Democrats in the North, and modify M'CLELLAN's conscientious convictions. At present the Republicans urge against their adversaries all the arguments and fallacies which render political opposition in time of war embarrassing, if not dangerous. It is true that the triumphs of the Federal arms are injurious to the prospects of Democratic success, and it is easy to insinuate that party feeling is therefore inconsistent with patriotism.

In one important point the Government displays unexpected vacillation and weakness. Two months ago, the PRESIDENT published a requisition for 500,000 volunteers, with the alternative of a compulsory draft, to be enforced on the 5th of September. On the approach of the Chicago Convention, Mr. LINCOLN refused to abandon or to postpone his determination, and his advocates not unnaturally boasted of his preference of the public welfare to his own popularity as a candidate. It was, however, soon afterwards announced that the credits due on previous calls reduced the required number of recruits to 200,000; and the draft has been finally relinquished, on the pretext that the ranks of the army have been sufficiently replenished by volunteer enlistments. As no statistical details have been furnished, it is difficult to believe that 200,000 recruits have really been procured. Of the actual enlistments, a large portion will be almost worthless, because it consists of emancipated negroes; and as the volunteers have only been enrolled for one year, the Confederates will have the strongest motives for persevering in their resistance till the brief term of service has expired. The deception which has been practised on the wealthy and provident citizens who have supplied substitutes in anticipation of a peremptory draft will produce general satisfaction and amusement. The Federal Government may perhaps be well-advised in concealing its wants and resources by unintelligible statements and calculations. It is impossible to believe that former requisitions have produced 300,000 men in addition to the numbers which were demanded; but even a French Budget admits of explanation, and probably the Northern muster-rolls may be comprehended by the Secretary for the War Department. Mr. LINCOLN and his Ministers may reply to censorious

critics by pointing to their boundless expenditure of money and of life. On the East and on the West of the mountains, from the beginning of the campaign, GRANT and SHERMAN have always largely outnumbered their adversaries.

Until some change in the fortunes of the war enlivens the prospects of the Democrats, the enthusiastic partisans of the North may safely continue to identify the Federal cause with negro emancipation. A short time ago it seemed doubtful whether the combination of love for the Union with philanthropic regard for the slave could be conveniently prolonged. Down to the outbreak of the war, one of the most common pretexts for the universal abuse of England was furnished by the officious interference of foreigners with a sacred domestic institution. The English readers of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were held responsible for Mrs. STOWE's offences, and when an attempt was made to repress the slave trade on the coasts of Cuba, the Republican leaders were especially loud in their denunciation of English encroachments. When the war broke out, and slavery in consequence went out of fashion for the time, the unfortunate English were abused for not hating slavery so blindly as to confuse it with questions of political right and of comparative military force. If the Democrats succeeded in the Presidential election, the former clamour would revive, and the philanthropy of Englishmen would once more be attributed to a malignant desire for the permanent disruption of the Union. Although antipathy is always unjust, there is a certain allowance to be made for the legitimate dislike of every nation to foreign interference with its internal controversies. Neighbourly respect involves deliberate neutrality in all domestic quarrels. It would be desirable, if it were possible, to maintain friendly relations with the United States whether slavery is abolished or whether it resumes its former political supremacy. An exclusive alliance with a single party, even when it is dominant, is a just ground of offence to an Opposition which may at a future time claim to represent the country. In dealing with European countries, it is generally admitted that partisanship with foreign factions is a gratuitous and mischievous intrusion. The strong feeling against slavery explains and partially excuses the exception which enthusiasts would make in favour of the Republican party in the United States. Nevertheless, it is as well not to be committed to an unnecessary quarrel with General M'CLELLAN, if he should ultimately be elected as the friend of slavery and the representative of peace.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE remarkable contrasts observable between successive meetings of the British Association, though partly due to local accidents, are in the main traceable to the currents of thought which for the time being predominate in the scientific world. Beneath the whole superstructure of modern science there are always at work—like the buried forces which in the physical world break out in volcanic action—mysterious tendencies to generalizations of an order higher than any that have yet been grasped; and just as a volcano has its intermittent fits of activity and repose, so is it with the obscure straggles after the science of the future. There have been meetings of the Association to which the prevailing tone has been given by these foreshadowings of a more comprehensive knowledge; and these are almost invariably followed, in regular cycle, by intervals in which our philosophers seem to be content to rest from all such ambitious efforts, and to busy themselves with the details of more definite departments of science. The recurrence of one of these periods of repose has been very noticeable in the meeting of the present year, which, except in a single subject, has supplied comparatively little to feed the dreamy speculations of a universal science. A still more striking feature of the meeting has been the preponderant interest of geological and geographical investigations. That the President of the year was a geologist so distinguished as Sir CHARLES LYELL, and that another eminent geologist, Professor PHILLIPS, has been selected as his successor, are perhaps rather to be regarded as the signs than as the causes of the direction which the discussions of the Association took; but, whatever be the explanation, the interest of the scientific world seems to be just now more especially concentrated upon the great geological problems which remain unsolved than at any former period. Geographical inquiries also received a special stimulus from the narrative of Dr. LIVINGSTONE's last African explorations, from the interesting account of Lord MILTON's and Dr. CHEADLE's perilous journey across the Rocky Mountains, and from other scarcely less important communications; and an interest of a

more powerful—and, as it turned out, a more painful—kind was excited by the announcement, doomed to be so fatally disappointed, that the explorer of the source of the Nile would narrate the history of his great discovery. The sad news that Captain SPEKE, after traversing in safety the unexplored recesses of Africa, had perished by an accident on an English stubble, turned expectation into sorrow, and called forth from many workers in every field of science the warmest testimony to the memory of the great explorer, and to the universal interest of the branch of knowledge to which he had so largely contributed.

True to the instinct of the time, Sir CHARLES LYELL almost wholly abstained in his opening address from travelling over the entire range of science, and confined himself almost exclusively to his own subject of geology, and to the local phenomena of the district where the Association had assembled. In this he met the prevailing disposition more fully, perhaps, than if he had followed the precedents of former meetings, and dwelt on the broad philosophy of science, or mapped out the progress of the year in each of the great departments of human investigation. The hot springs of Bath supplied him with a text as interesting in a scientific, if not in a utilitarian, sense as the Newcastle coal-fields, for which Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG claimed the special attention of the meeting of last year. The source, the antiquity, and the primary causes of thermal springs are involved in just so much of mystery as to give a peculiar interest to the discussion which Sir CHARLES LYELL invited; and it was impossible that the subject should be handled by a master in geology without throwing some new light on the much-canvassed questions of the scale of geologic time, the comparative influences of gradual and convulsive action in the formation of the earth as it now exists, and the modern evidences of the supposed antiquity of the human race. With equal caution and frankness Sir CHARLES LYELL summed up the present state of knowledge on these vitally interesting points, and while shibboleths and counter-shibboleths are being industriously circulated to fetter the investigations of scientific inquirers, we may trace, in the modest tone which prevailed at the meeting of the Association, a much more trustworthy safeguard against undue presumption than any which the most amply signed declaration could possibly supply. Without venturing on any impossible precision, Sir CHARLES LYELL truly described the tendency of modern geology to assign larger and yet larger periods to the successive stages of terrestrial organization, and he happily illustrated the disposition to shrink from these almost inconceivable measures of time by an anecdote which will come home to almost every geological student. A great Irish orator once apologised for the parsimony of his donation to a charity by saying that his early life had been a struggle with scanty means, and that they who are born to affluence cannot easily imagine how long a time it takes to get the chill of poverty out of one's bones. "In like manner," says Sir CHARLES LYELL, "we of the living generation, when called upon to make grants of thousands of centuries in order to explain the events of what is called the modern period, shrink naturally at first from making what seems so lavish an expenditure of past time. Throughout our early education we have been accustomed to such strict economy in all that relates to the chronology of the earth and its inhabitants in remote ages, so fettered have we been by old traditional beliefs, that even when our reason is convinced, and we are persuaded that we ought to make more liberal grants of time to the geologist, we feel how hard it is to get the chill of poverty out of our bones." At this very meeting, indeed, new discoveries were announced which, if confirmed, will carry back the records of animal organization to a period formerly classed as that of the azoic formations. In the course of Sir WILLIAM LOGAN's geological survey of Canada, a vast series of stratified and crystalline rocks were found, of an order earlier than the most ancient strata in Europe where traces of animal existence have been discovered. These crystalline rocks—the Laurentian system as they are called—are tilted up at an angle against the overlying strata of fossiliferous rocks; and not only so, but the same indication of formation at successive epochs is found in the fact that the earlier portions of the Laurentian rocks are also unconformable to the more recent portions. Two enormous geologic epochs must, therefore, have elapsed between the early Laurentian and the supervening fossiliferous strata, themselves formerly considered as the most ancient formations in which life was traceable. In the very heart of the earlier division of the Laurentian system occurs a bed of limestone a thousand feet thick, from which Sir W. LOGAN has ex-

tracted what he considers undoubted fossils of an early type of animal life. Thus, if there is no error in the facts, our conceptions of the duration of life upon the earth must be carried back two epochs further than ever, possibly to be yet further extended by subsequent discoveries.

It is by the perpetual succession of facts of this kind, brought to light one after another, that the chill of poverty in this matter of geologic time is visibly thawing out of the bones of our geologists. Sir CHARLES LYELL himself belongs to a school more disposed to be liberal in allowance of time than in the concession of extraordinary force; but even Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, though inclined to dwell with more emphasis on the convulsive action of early geological forces, expressed himself substantially in accordance with the view which the President had enforced. While the duration of the period of animal life seems thus continually to grow upon us, the idea that our museums contain an approach to a perfect series of the successive inhabitants of the earth is given up, almost by universal consent. Some scattered fragments of a life stretching over an indefinite ocean of time are all that the geologists claim to have recovered. They are enough to teach the broad law of progressive advance in the order of organization, but wholly insufficient to map out the progress of development. Nor is much more than this kind of fragmentary knowledge any longer looked for, and Sir CHARLES LYELL was constrained to acknowledge that it seems never to have been part of the plan of Nature to leave a complete record of all her works and operations for the enlightenment of rational beings who might study them in after ages. As more and more light is obtained from the accumulating facts contributed by the army of geologic explorers, the prevailing views become less and less dogmatic; and the improved temper of the school which theologians have sometimes been so eager to denounce and to silence cannot be better exemplified than by the modest reticence with which Sir CHARLES LYELL concluded his notice of recent discoveries:—"I will not venture on speculations respecting the signs of a beginning or the prospects of an end of our terrestrial system—that wide ocean of scientific conjecture on which so many theorists before my time have suffered shipwreck."

FICTION AND FACT.

GEORGE SAND not long ago published one of her minor novels called *Mont Revêche*, and she thought it necessary to write a preface stating that the novel was not meant to prove anything. She is so accustomed to write to prove something, and her readers so naturally look on her fictions as the vehicles through which she unfolds her philosophy, that she feared ingenious persons would puzzle themselves over the secret meaning of *Mont Revêche* unless she let them know beforehand that there was no secret meaning to discover. But if it were not that it proceeded from the pen of a female philosopher, no one would have suspected for a moment that *Mont Revêche* was meant to prove anything, or, in fact, to serve any other purpose than that of giving a little amusement to an idle reader, and a proper sum of money to an industrious authoress. It is a harmless, unambitious tale of French provincial life. A young Count and a poor poetical illustrious friend go together to stay in the neighbourhood of a manufacturer and deputy with a grand château. The Count is going to sell some property to the manufacturer, but the poet has no other object than to flirt with the manufacturer's wife. When they arrive at the château, however, their parts are changed. The Count falls in love with the manufacturer's wife, and the poet transfers his attentions to the manufacturer's second daughter, whose great ambition is to be thought fast, and who accordingly rides at full gallop at all hours, in all weather. There is no impropriety in the story. The manufacturer's wife is as pure as steel, and scarcely understands what the naughty Count means; but she is a second wife, and her eldest step-daughter, who hates her, makes the Count think she is inclined to be on good terms with him, and this causes much sorrow and confusion. In fact, at the end of the story the wife dies, which makes her step-daughter repent, and her repentance makes her so good that she at last marries this excellent Count himself. Meanwhile the poet has had his adventure. His Eveline twice rides over in the night to see him at a deserted house which he occupies, and on the second occasion she sprains her ankle and is very nearly found out. He has not invited her, and does not much like her wildness; but she is very pretty and very fond of him, and he is magnanimous and marries her. Now, George Sand was evidently right in saying that, in her philosophical sense, this proved nothing. It did not show that there were any truths, either of the universe or of French society, which the history of these young women and their lovers could be held to illustrate. But, in another sense, it is interesting to ask whether it proved anything. Does this story give us an accurate picture of French life? May we infer from it that these are the sort of incidents which might without much improbability be supposed to occur in a French château? The evidence is that George Sand thought the incidents sufficiently

probable to offer them to the French public; and the French public, so far as we know, accepted them as they were offered. This is some evidence. Obviously a novelist could not venture to describe anything wholly improbable. It would not do to make the principal family in a fiction live on raw meat or omit to wash their hands. It would not do to make a young Frenchman talk in the language of an English tract. It would not do to represent him as doubting that his morality, philosophy, and manners are absolute perfection. There must be limits to improbability, and experience teaches us that novelists do, in the main, draw from the society with which they are acquainted. But, then, how far are we to accept a novel like *Mont Revêche* as a picture of actual life? Are we to believe, on its authority, that a French girl is not unlikely to ride in the night, without being invited, to frighten and plague her lover in a deserted house? Are we to conclude that there is so much love-making in a French château that a young man would naturally and properly infer, from seeing the mistress of the house wear the same flower that he did, that she was in love with him? The answer we believe to be, that every incident in a novel written by a person of acknowledged experience and sense is some slight evidence of the state of the society depicted; that, if the same class of incidents is repeated in many novels, by many authors, this amounts to very strong evidence of the state of the society depicted; but that no quantity of incidents in novels can give anything like a complete picture of society, and that this impossibility arises from the very nature of works of fiction.

A theory has been started that the proper object of fiction is to tell such a story as might have happened, and fidelity to fact is thus set up as the standard. Robinson Crusoe is held up as the model. Given a person in such circumstances, and that which Robinson Crusoe did day by day was the natural and obvious thing to do. A novel would, according to this theory, be little else than the biography of certain imaginary persons. But experience crushes this theory to pieces. There are novels, as to the excellence of which no one can pretend to doubt, which exhibit every kind of variety in the degree with which they approach to the standard of real life. For example, the three men at the head of English novel-writing were, a year ago, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Trollope. Those who are familiar with their writings, and also with the different grades of English society, could recognise the vast intervals which separated these three writers as painters of reality. Mr. Thackeray was much the nearest to life. His writing has been very aptly compared to photography, because, it was said, he reproduced not only the more salient, but the more hidden, features of that sphere of English life with which he was acquainted, and reproduced them with a matchless fidelity and minute accuracy. The Marquis of Steyne, and Sir Pitt, and Lady Jane, and even the great Becky herself, were not perhaps portraits of persons who actually lived in London, but they were types of persons who were well known in London. Mr. Trollope went further from reality. In *Barchester Towers*, which justly made his reputation, almost every marked effect was produced by a gentle exaggeration. The Bishop, and Mr. Slope, and the Signora were types, but they were exaggerated types, of persons in society. They talked and acted with too much consistency and vivacity to be like real people. Mr. Dickens again, in some of his very best works, takes us altogether into an artificial world. Sam Weller is a splendid impossibility, so is Mr. Pickwick, so is Mr. Micawber, so is Mr. Pecksniff. Every incident is so contrived that they may talk their peculiar talk about it, and they only live to produce their own characteristic fun. No one can pretend to guess in what rank of society Mr. Dickens's genteel people are. Directly he gives a man a black coat and a decent position, he begins to puzzle us. He tells us that some of his characters live with a certain amount of show or reputation or dignity, but these people always go on in a sphere of their own, and are in no recognised grade of English life. The characters are drawn, and they are put into a social position invented for them, and we read on until we get reconciled to them and their ways, and learn to take them as we find them. But how do we know the degrees in which the characters of these three novelists approach real life? Not from the books themselves, but from our own previous knowledge of English society. We do not see how a foreigner, unless very well acquainted with England, could perceive any difference between the probability of Sam Weller and the probability of Major Pendennis. We do not judge of society by the novel, but of the novel by society. Or, to take a very different example, no one believes that *Ivanhoe* accurately describes England in the time of Richard I. As Lord Jeffrey long ago pointed out, the good people could not have been so comfortable as they are described in *Ivanhoe* if the bad people had been so powerful. Few persons, again, except enthusiastic young ladies, can believe that the heroes of Miss Yonge's or Miss Sewell's fictions are like ordinary young English gentlemen. Walter Scott wrote a tale not to give minute historical truth, but to leave an impression of the chief leaders of feudal society such as he conceived them. He drew a Saxon thane and a Norman baron, a prior, and an outlaw; and if criticism suggested that, though each specimen was handsome, they could not possibly have all lived together, that was nothing to him. He had written his novel, and the public had bought it, and there was an end of the matter. So Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell describe not the young men they see, except perhaps in very ecclesiastical circles, but the young men they would wish to see; and if facts are against them, that surely is so much the worse for the facts.

In none, however, of these instances is there a total departure from fact. The novels prove infinitesimally little in some instances, but they prove something. A lively pert London servant of inferior rank has a sort of likeness to Sam Weller. Very good young squires are in some degree like the Sir Guys and the Philips of feminine romance. As we cannot really picture to ourselves a Norman baron, the impression produced by Front de Boeuf may be as good an impression as we can get. Novels always teach us something about society unless the novelist is purposely trifling with us; but it is in general impossible to say what this something is, unless we have an antecedent knowledge of the society described. We may conclude that a young French girl is capable of behaving as Eveline behaves in *Mont Revêche*; but unless we are acquainted with French provincial life, we cannot say whether such a character is typical of a considerable number of girls, or is only the portraiture of the very rarest of exceptions. But with regard to the love-making offered to the step-mother we stand in a different position. The Count and the poet are described as the nicest, neatest, noblest young Frenchmen conceivable, and yet they both assume that they ought to be in love with a married woman on principle, unless they can show some valid excuse, such as a passion for a single woman, or a general weariness of women. That this state of mind is a probable state of mind for young Frenchmen to be in is to be gathered not only from this novel, but from four-fifths of the novels published at Paris. We cannot refuse so much concurrent testimony. We cannot doubt that this is a view of the duties of young gentlemen which obtains among young Frenchmen. It would not occur to so many painters of life as the natural and obvious thing to say about young men, unless making love to married women were a common part of French life. But directly we have admitted this, we feel that many difficulties arise before we can accept the picture given in French novels as a fair picture of French society generally. We do not know how large is the class from observing which French novelists draw their materials. English experience immediately suggests how much there is that is artificial and conventional in the way in which topics like this are spoken of in any country. In England, illicit connexions of the sexes are always referred to very vaguely. In most novels they are ignored altogether. Does this prove that England is a moral country? Every one knows that it is not; but it has been decided here that it is bad taste to speak of such things in books that are meant to go into families. The French novel is not meant to go into families. It is not adapted for young ladies. But it is this, and not any great difference in national morality, that makes French novels so much more plain-spoken in such matters than English novels are. We do not judge of the two societies by their respective novels, because we know that the two societies demand that their novels should be written in a different way. Until we know whether, if the novels of both countries were written in the same way and for the same sort of readers, the description of young Englishmen would vary from that of young Frenchmen, we cannot say, from the novels we actually read, whether love-making in France is different from love-making in England.

And not only does the general relation of novels to society in a country require to be known before we can say how far the novels we read explain to us the society supposed to be depicted in them, but the very constitution of the novel makes us certain that we have only one set of social facts represented in it, and that we can never draw from it an accurate conception of society at large. The novelist has to amuse, to invent a plot, to work things round to a plot, to excite wonder, to give prominence to a particular passion, to assign an accidental and arbitrary importance to persons at a particular time of life. The mere fact that a novelist excuses himself, and tries to propitiate his readers in some roundabout way, if he dares to introduce a hero over thirty or a heroine over five-and-twenty, sufficiently indicates the narrow limits in which he necessarily moves. He hits upon a theme, and he must make everything conduce to the elaboration of this theme, while the theme itself must be one in which love-making can predominate or find a prominent part. He is obliged to curtail his general description of society very much in order to work out this special purpose; while in real life startling incidents are seldom closely connected, love-making takes up a short period of existence, and money-making, and eating and drinking, consume much more of thought and time than the things of which novelists delight to write. A novel, therefore, even if literally true to social life, is only true to a little tiny bit of social life. It can no more represent society than a good anecdote about a country represents that country. It represents it, but it represents it very partially. For example, a story has lately been told of the Cleveland Convention, at which General Fremont was nominated for the American Presidency. The first resolution moved was to the effect that "The Union, by God's blessing, shall and must be restored." But some of the hearers objected to this. It was too religious for them. The chairman caught the drift of the murmur, and proceeded, like an adroit chairman, to please his audience. He affected to put to the vote an amendment declaring that the words objected to should be omitted, and then announced the result by saying "The Ayes have it; God's blessing is lost." We so far feel this anecdote to be characteristic of America that we believe the incident to have been possible in the States, although we should suppose it would be impossible in England. But does it go far to show that the Americans are less religious than the English, and, if so, how far? Let us couple with it the

fact, which we believe to be acknowledged, that, of all Protestant missionaries, the Americans are among the most intelligent, active, and successful. We have two little isolated facts pointing different ways, and what are we to infer from them? just as, if we have half a dozen novels, each taking a small section of English life, and arranging everything to meet the exigencies of a plot, what are we to infer from them? Very little; all we gain is a vague impression of probability, which may be confirmed by what we otherwise know of society, or by what we learn from several other works of fiction. It is impossible to say that novels do not help us to understand society, but the help they give is very limited and very uncertain.

DISTINCTION.

IN that horror of the merely ordinary and commonplace which besets mankind, it is wonderful what men will not accept in the way of distinction. We know of a line of rustics marked by the occasional distinction of three thumbs. Whenever a child is born with the family peculiarity, the event is hailed with rejoicing, nor is the surgeon's knife ever allowed to remove this evident sign of nature's particular regard and individual concern for the race of Stubbs. A coach passenger, in old times, excited the attention of his fellow-travellers by a peculiar importance and assumption of manner, which nothing in his appearance seemed to warrant till he announced himself, with some pomp of preamble, as the father of the man who invented the Woodstock Corset. Something remarkable, something to feed the craving for a separate noticeable individuality, is what none would willingly be without, and we cannot pay a more refined compliment to another than by showing our knowledge of the distinction on which he values himself. Yet a certain envy, no less common to humanity, is always fighting against this yearning for some creditable difference from everybody else, and shows itself in a delight in destroying illusions, in gratuitous pains to make people know their places, "in bringing them down to their proper level," and a hundred hard phrases of the same order. To "take people down," which is some persons' especial mission, is, in fact, to deprive them of a sense of distinction very agreeable to themselves, but supposed to be not only insufferable to the lookers-on, but also injurious to the elated person. Yet, in fact, no one is the better for feeling insignificant and merely one of a class. Even though his struggles to emancipate himself from such a position may take a ridiculous form, he may yet be serving both private and general interests. It was the charge against Toryism that it only permitted the ambition for distinction to favoured classes. The lower orders dwelt on the "level" we have spoken of, and, in the eyes of those who looked down upon them, any differences of stature were unobserved. They were seen *en masse*; and for one out of the mass to attempt to rise, and control or outshine the rest, called, among the more bigoted of the party, for suspicion or contempt. Yet Republicanism is a greater enemy to distinction than ever Toryism was, for the enmity is at once more subtle and more powerful. Its theory is against it; its avowed aim is to raise *all*—to make all superior to their former state, but none distinguished. Not that the Americans have lost the term; they are notorious for the number of their distinguished men, for the craving cannot be suppressed, and each little township has its ambition. But where are the really distinguished when the pinch comes? What heads rise at this time above the crowd that are more than notorious—that are distinguished in the great sense, or as General Lee is distinguished? The cry for equality is, with too many, a cry against others' possessing any distinction that can be withheld from them; and, if the enthusiasts for this equality ever get their way, distinction will be finally crushed out of the world. Communism, Mutualism, Socialism, Fourierism, all the systems that transcendentalists look to for the regeneration of the world, would, in carrying their point, make men as alike and as material as a herd of Scotch bullocks—forty feeding like one.

But the leaders in these schemes are really as great examples as may be found anywhere of the love and the effect of distinctions, and as ingenious in devising them. Thus, Theodore Parker, who was caught by all communistic schemes, was influenced through his whole career by the fact that his grandfather was distinguished as the man who captured the first musket in the War of Independence, and by his pride in the distinction. This musket stood at the door of his study, and probably suggested the idea of the pistol which graced his pulpit cushion, and added such effect to his anti-slavery eloquence. He finally bequeathed it to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, with a general sense of distinguishing and being distinguished by the legacy. Distinctions of this sort, we believe, might be found to underlie the differences which are observable in many careers seemingly starting from the same point; so elevating in their influence are such stimulants of the soul, so suggestive and even prophetic in their significance to the man marked by them. But we are not concerned with the distinctions of remarkable men, or with those that make men remarkable. It is on their effect in making average men more distinctive and happy in a standing of their own that we would dwell. It was the elevating sense of the distinctions they were born to which kept up the spirit and energy of the French emigrants of the great Revolution when everything else was lost to them, and made them so respectable in low fortune and mediocrity of powers. But a distinction which is known only to a

man's self may have a great effect on his habitual deportment, and may help him to a philosophic endurance of neglect or more positive evils. A queen in disguise would yet have a grand manner, for she would never lose the consciousness of being a queen, and would be sustained under all humiliations by a serene consciousness of her real place; and so a man supported by an inner source of self-reliance can endure with a lofty patience a hundred trials and provocations which would upset another without this hidden prop whereon to lean. Nor does it very much matter that the distinction should be morally equal to its burden. It is a great thing that a man should have self-respect, from whatever source.

We are aware that a good deal of harmless vanity may be the consequence of such secret causes of self-satisfaction. Few people know how to shut out every inlet to conceit, as the vigilance of their guard in one direction may leave a way open to the enemy in another. We think it is George Sand who describes her tutor as a man of inordinate vanity in little matters, who yet was never known to allude to an act of extraordinary heroism in which he had put his life in extremest peril, and sacrificed his prospects, to save the life and fortune of his patron. The red Indians, we are told, are scrupulously reserved and veracious in the one distinction open to an Indian—the number of his scalps; but they indemnify themselves with unlimited falsehood and boasting in lesser matters. So it is well for all persons who can feed on a private self-elevating secret, and are in the habit of stowing away their scalps for private satisfaction, to keep watch and guard over their tongue in the careless intercourse of life; or their weakness may be played upon, as was that of the wealthy lady in the *Spectator*, whose heirs succeeded in keeping off a suitor by the timely present of a pair of cherry-coloured garters—the hidden distinction so elating her that the lover who might have won upon her good graces at another time was discarded as not equal to her newly-fed sense of desert. Persons are, perhaps, never so little on their guard in minor matters of conduct as when something known to themselves alone makes them temporarily independent of the judgment of those about them.

The need of human nature for some distinction, and something to value self upon, constantly leads to exhibitions of vanity in another direction, where, perhaps, allowance enough is not made for it. So long as the intellect of woman is not her main field of influence and triumph, so long as personal attractions are the surest way to attention and general appreciation, women will be found to pride themselves, ridiculously as it seems, on little personal merits. The distinction of a pretty arm, or foot, or ankle, will often turn the head of a plain woman. But it must be pleaded that society shares more than half the blame by its exclusive notice of externals. If a pretty hand is the sole claim to distinction, it is only common justice to be tender and lenient towards any over-consciousness and parade of the one refuge from insignificance where nature and circumstances have been alike niggards. For the most part, the more prominent distinctions have only been open to women through their sympathies—their pride in husbands, sons, brothers; but the present age notoriously shows a higher ambition, and the race of mothers of the Gracchi are fast changing into grandmothers, whose constitutional elation at the achievements of their descendants, and content in reflected honours, time and progress are not likely to interfere with. This difference between the old and new school was felt when Madame Goethe and Madame de Staël were, with some ceremony and much expectation, brought together. "Je suis la mère de Goethe," was the solemn self-introduction of the German mother, believing that there existed not among women a more magnificent title or a nobler claim to honour. "Ah j'en suis charmée," was all that the brilliant Frenchwoman could find to say on the impressive occasion. Reflected greatness made no appeal to her imagination; she had realized a quicker, more poignant sensation.

We have heard it questioned whether the relish for distinction shown by the Laureate's dying farmer is true to the bucolic nature. It is natural enough that he should relish the real glory of reclaiming a waste and the appreciation of equals; but that he should care for the "quotely" pointing him out to one another, and exclaiming amongst themselves, "What a mon a bon sewer-ly," strikes some critics as an individual rather than a general trait, and perhaps as beneath the stolid dignity of the British farmer. But for ourselves we believe in it as true to thought, whether a likely utterance or not. All observation shows that the very prosecution of a great work is accompanied by the desire that it should be recognised beyond the mere personal range of acquaintance—that a wider and still extending circle should note and estimate, not only the labour but the labourer. In a word, with heroism, there is desire for distinction.

We have not, however, to do with the fame due to heroic achievement as an object of desire, but with that degree of notice which shall give to its object a sense of individuality, adding point and dignity to life. We are advocating indulgence where this longing manifests itself in grotesque expression. The longer we live, the more considerate we learn to be of follies which have this source. The desire itself is one main impulse to progress, always being snubbed and set down, indeed, but happily irrepressible in a vigorous society, and it is only inexperience that is disdainful of the pettier forms of it. If it was grand in Lord Nelson to think, at a crisis, of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, many a lesser ambition has its justification, though it could not be recorded without sounding like a satire. All that is necessary for its respectability is that the distinction aimed at should be

felt to be the meed of real worth; that it should satisfy some inner sense of desert; that the beauty, the merit, the association with excellence should all be genuine, in the man's own mind, whatever the cold observer may think of it.

Our faith in the charm of distinction, our plea for it as a salutary indulgence, all depends on degree. Whether for pleasure or profit, it should be exhibited in mere globules, and a dose of distinction must be like all other doses to men of average modesty and self-respect. To be always pointed at, always stared at, always hustled, always singled out, should, if realized, be a purgatory. Where it comes of mere place and station, of course it takes less hold, and may be forgotten; but it must, in every case of excess, tend to separation and a dignified exile; and where it is the result of a man's own work on the world, it must lose him more than it gives, and bring about what has been called the greatest misfortune of geniuses, that their very friends are more apt to admire than to love them. Where the nature is not sensitive enough to feel this refinement, the want, once aroused, becomes an appetite or ruling passion, as with poor Sir Godfrey Kneller, who, after craving for notice and praise all his life with a perfectly indiscriminate appetite, dreamt of distinctions in heaven as he lay on his death-bed, and very complacently reported to his friends the effect his name produced when given in at the august portals:—"As I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so than St. Luke, who was standing just by, turned towards me and said, with a great deal of sweetness—'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller of England?' 'The very same, sir,' says I, 'at your service.'"

Whether we care for distinctions or not, there can be no doubt that Englishmen have a certain sheepish reluctance to show any visible tokens of them, though this may not, after all, interfere with an inner satisfaction. The senior wrangler of a former generation who objected to appearing at Covent Garden, where a Kemble was acting, "till the thing had blown over a little," realized the glory of his position to the full, though his modesty was needlessly apprehensive of a shock. We should rather recommend a simple enjoyment of the natural consequences of successes, because thus men best learn how short their day is, and because distinctions honestly accepted are the best preservative from morbid self-appreciation and an over-estimate of the worth of a man's own work.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL AND THE NEW TEST

INQUISITORS are, for the present, an extinct institution in the religious world. The manners of the age are averse to thumb-screws, and the process of cultivating a religious frame of mind by stretching unbelievers upon the rack is one which the Laodicean lukewarmness of the present generation finds it difficult even to understand. That there is a mysterious connexion between intensity of belief and instruments of torture, all history assures us. The art of grilling or elongating heretics attained to what may be called its Augustan period during the "ages of faith"; and when faith began to decline, faggots ceased to be in request, and thumbkins grew rusty. Whether faith can ever be equally intense without involving a taste for tormenting those who do not believe, is a nice psychological question. Indications are not wanting that, if it were not for the dilution of a heavy inert mass of lay indifference, the zeal of sundry disputants in our modern controversies would burn up almost to Smithfield temperature even now. The mixture of human frailty with divine belief, like many chemical compounds of antagonistic elements, produces an explosiveness from which either of its elements is wholly free. It is certainly consoling to believe that no condition of the human mind is without its compensating advantages. It is a pity our fathers were so inhuman, but then it is pleasant to reflect that they were undeniable believers. It is a pity that we are so lukewarm and so sceptical, but then we shall find some comfort in the thought that we can venture to speculate upon theological questions without being checked by unpleasant anticipatory sensations in our ligaments or our thumbs.

But though the inquisitor is extinct, yet, like other fossil animals, he has left a reduced and degenerate specimen of his class to represent him to the existing generation. The nearest approach to him that we can boast is to be found in the sort of people who get up theological declarations. The only torture it is in their power to apply to their victims is the kind of pillory known by the name of "the religious newspaper," in which the offender is exposed to such odorous controversial missiles as the religious world may think fit to fling at him. Inquisitors of this kind have been very active of late. Everybody holding any office in the Church above that of beadle has been called upon to sign some sort of oath of abjuration, which, it must be admitted, is generally constructed with great care to mean nothing at all. Some amateurs of the same class have been practising upon the laity; and, among others, the men of science have been called upon to purge themselves of heresy. The circulation of the test has been going on for some time, but it has recently been brought into prominence by the refusal of both Sir John Herschel and Sir John Bowring to take any part in it. Very few apparently of the leading scientific names have been affixed to the proposed declaration, and a considerable number of the signatories are not of sufficient importance to have made it worth their while to inform the world whether they thought science and reli-

gion reconcilable or not. No doubt, however, it was an inviting opportunity of placing the fact that they were men of science beyond the reach of any captious doubt. The declaration itself is a good illustration of the double face which such documents are apt to assume. They are drawn so as to seem very trivial and unmeaning to those who are asked to sign them, and who scan their wording closely; but they are timed so as to seem important and full of meaning to the mass of careless readers, who only take into consideration the particular juncture selected for signing them. This scientific declaration, construed quite strictly, lays down simply that the Supreme Being has not told a falsehood—a statement in which, taken abstractedly, Sir John Herschel would probably not think it hazardous to coincide. But, coming at this particular moment, no one would doubt that its practical meaning was to give a general endorsement to the traditional interpretation of the book of Genesis, and to express a conviction that, however irreconcilable the statements upon scientific matters contained in that book might seem to be with the conclusions of science, the time would surely come when the two would be found to agree with perfect accuracy. Of course this is a belief which a great many people hold, and for which there is a great deal to be said; but it is not a self-evident proposition, nor is it an integral portion of the Christian creed. It might be proved that the cosmogonical parts of Genesis were a corrupt interpolation; or that they were written by the author of the book, but without Divine warrant; or that the Divine warrant extended only to the moral and spiritual inferences drawn from them, and not to the scientific accuracy of the statements made; and in any of those cases the Nicene Creed and the Apostles' Creed would be wholly unaffected. The utterly unimportant character of the controversy at issue aggravates the impertinence of the proceeding. It is an intolerable intrusion to assume the right to drag a man out of the retirement of private life, and catechize him as to his religious opinions, and especially when the proceeding necessarily involves an implied threat that, unless he answers satisfactorily, he will be ranked with the unbelievers. It is still worse when the subject-matter of the catechism has in reality nothing to do with belief or unbelief in Christianity.

Still, an agitation of the kind means something. A number of people of more than average ability do not come forward to clear themselves of a supposed suspicion unless that suspicion is widely entertained; and a suspicion widely prevalent for a length of time usually has some foundation. A good deal of the complaint which the so-called religious world and its organs are constantly uttering against men of science is simply the expression of their own fears. They have chosen to tie up with the essential truths of Christianity a great many irrelevant opinions concerning the physical history of the earth and of its inhabitants, which, even in the ages when there was a passion for making new dogmas, no Council ever ventured to propound as articles of faith. Science has made wild work with the traditional beliefs as to the process by which the earth assumed its present form; and there are indications that it may possibly in some degree modify the current views as to the mode in which the creation of the human race was accomplished. The more unreasoning portion of the religious world have thought fit to represent the truth of the Christian revelation as being put to hazard by these speculations. To represent the largest interests as involved in the result of every petty party skirmish is a hackneyed artifice of party warfare. In political tactics the stratagem is not dangerous, because the importance of liberty on the one side, or of property on the other, is too vividly present to every man's mind to suffer his appreciation of it to be dulled by any number of false alarms. But the use of the same manoeuvre in polemics is not quite so harmless a contrivance. The mass of lay untheological Christians are rapidly coming to the belief that "infidel" and "atheist" are only polite terms which, according to the etiquette of controversy, are used in pamphlets and sermons to designate an adverse disputant upon some trivial matter. Some time ago, the doctrine that the earth goes round the sun was supposed to be fatal to Christianity, because of a passage in the book of Joshua. Later on, the doctrine that the earth took more than six days to assume its present form was also supposed to be fatal to Christianity, because of a passage in the book of Genesis. And these fears were thought so plausible that unsound scientific opinions were kept alive for many years by their aid. But no Christian is now-a-days afraid either of sound astronomical or sound geological views upon these points. Again the same warning is being sounded in respect to newer scientific speculations. But the trick is worn out now. The lay world will not take the alarm, and the lower sections of the religious world have to content themselves with useless railing. The only effect, unhappily, of such language now is to infuse a general impression that there is no such thing as infidelity, and that no sort of opinions are really antagonistic to Christianity.

But the men of science are not quite blameless in the matter. Some of them seem to value their studies, as an Orangeman values his religion, chiefly for the opportunity it gives them of making their natural enemies uncomfortable. It is impossible to read some recent speculations upon delicate scientific questions without seeing that the author has his old antagonists, the parsons, in his mind's eye all the time, and is experiencing the same kind of glee as a small boy feels when he is tying a tin-kettle to a dog's tail. Now, baiting infuriated animals is a diversion natural to humanity, especially to juvenile humanity;

and it is no doubt tempting to be in possession of a red rag which will infuriate even so grave an animal as a divine, and cause him to perform so many ungraceful antics. But science is hardly advanced by this exciting sport. Scientific theories and discoveries do not fulfil their highest function when they are used as long poles to poke up parsons with. If scientific men were more careful of needlessly irritating the prejudices which they find in existence, and if they would abstain from creating fresh prejudice by the announcement of questionable discoveries in a dogmatic tone that would have befitted Hildebrand himself, the war between science and religion would not have raged so fiercely. But it is not by the imposition of new tests that it can be checked. The old tests give trouble enough. But they have this advantage, that the glosses and admitted interpretations which they have received in the lapse of generations have supplied the defects which are inherent in the nature of language. Where they are too rigid, usage has relaxed them; where they are ambiguous, usage has given to them a meaning. No such compensating machinery remedies the error of a new test. It is left with the meaning of its bare words, harsh, unyielding, unsoftened. Language suffices as an instrument for conveying thought upon abstract subjects so long as a certain latitude of interpretation is allowed. But to men who are prepared to quarrel seriously for minute shades of meaning, a *formula concordie* seldom answers any other end than to furnish a new provocative to discord. The condition of controversial thought and feeling at this moment is not one that requires irritants. The unfortunate mania which possesses so many people for inviting their neighbours to purge themselves from heresy will seriously aggravate a difference of opinion which is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; and if Sir John Herschel shall have done anything to check this fashion, he will have rendered good service to Christianity.

A POET'S PROSE.

AS the skylark, after proudly soaring heavenwards and rapturously pouring forth its soul in song, is forced to return to the dull earth, and attend to the calls of its appetite and its domestic duties, so is the poet too often compelled to desist from scaling the steep of Parnassus, and to descend to the level of ordinary life and unromantic avocations. Such has been the hard fate of a minstrel whom a Monarch and a Minister have in vain delighted to honour. In spite of the enlightened patronage of Lord Palmerston and the King of Bonny, Mr. Close has not met with the success which he expected, and he has therefore been obliged to doff his singing robes, and to wander forth an unwilling exile from the enchanted realms of verse. At times, indeed, the Muse still whispers unbidden in his ear, and he allows himself a brief relapse into rhyme, but such an indulgence is rarely conceded. Having won the title of Poet, he now hangs up his lyre on the wall till better times arrive, and devotes himself in the interval to the composition and the sale of prose. It is to be hoped that his *Tales and Legends of Westmoreland*, the third volume of which has lately appeared, will bring him in a more solid recompense than he could have obtained had he refused to listen to the voice of prudence, and given himself up to warbling his native wood-notes wild. The account which they contain of the life he leads is equally touching and edifying, and may supply some valuable hints to any future chronicler of the miseries of authors.

Uniting in himself the functions of author and publisher, Mr. Close disposes of the greater part of his works at the little railway station of Kirkby-Stephen, in Westmoreland. There, clothed in "the squire's new coat," he informs us that "he walks the platform like a swell of the first water." When a train arrives, he offers his books to the passengers, who are expected to purchase them as local produce, just as they would invest in cakes at Banbury or in champagne at Epernay. If any one of distinction is among their number, Mr. Close pays him special attention, and describes him at length in his next work. On all who patronize him he pours a flood of praise, and those who treat him with disrespect he transfixes with winged shafts of sarcasm. In general he is content with the treatment he receives, but he complains that certain persons appear to regard him as "some curious animal of an unknown species," and that the Directors "allow men to wipe their shoes upon him." It is probable that he is speaking figuratively in this passage, as well as in another in which he laments the hard fate of "a poor poet who has to sell his own books, and to be spit upon by any rich fool"; but it is evident that his merits are not always acknowledged, and that at times he meets with unexpected rebuffs. On one occasion, for instance, he encountered "a gentleman with a slight air of something distinguished," but who was "too proud to speak," for he shook his head when the poet "presented No. II. of *Tales and Legends* to his notice, as 'Poet Close's last work, sir.'" Well might Mr. Close, on hearing that he had been addressing "the great Sir Roderick Murchison," exclaim "Well, sir, you may call him great, but he is a proud little man, let his genius be what it may. Catch me touching my hat to him again! . . . So much for this Roderick Murchison, who took up Du Chaillu . . . this Roderick supported him, but could not open his mouth to a man who would scorn to shake hands with such an adventurer." Much pleasanter was the poet's interview with "Earl Fitzwilliam, a fine, tall, placid, mild-looking gentleman, in a light dress, and yellow sort of hat, with no pomp

or pride about him, who gently put a present in our hand." The Marquis of Hastings, "a little, merry, good-looking man, with red hair, and with a gold chain across his vest," would have taken a book, but a friend who was with him "prevented his Lordship, who had a fancy for it." The Bishop of Carlisle, of whom Mr. Close says, "We are afraid lest the good Bishop expelled the Bishopric, and lose his mitre, for being too pious," has always behaved with great civility; but of the Bishop of Durham we read the following story:—

August 1. Met a family in a first-class carriage who were very proud. The gentleman, to all we said, gave a gruff peremptory "No." No books, no bills, would he look at; and with as proud a curl of our lips, and not too well pleased shake of the head, replied, "Very well, sir," and shut the door. Now this mild gentleman was the Bishop of Durham, as we learnt soon after—and not like the great Apostle Paul, full of charity, as a minister of the Gospel ought to be.

Sometimes Mr. Close does not postpone the punishment of the audacious travellers who decline to purchase his wares, but calls them to a sense of their duty upon the spot. In one flagrant case, for instance, in which a lady would have taken a copy of the *Tales*, had not "her husband screwed his mouth, and made so many proud grimaces" that she had not the courage to complete the purchase, the poet's blood boiled, and he cried—"Never mind, sir; you shall not have a book of mine at any price; and when a poet of Westmoreland has the misfortune to bow low again to you, you will show him a *little* more courtesy, which becomes one man to another. God help us, poor worms of earth—how we can sneer at each other!" It may be well conceived that the proud passenger to whom these noble words were addressed was seen, as the train moved away, lost in "a state of speechless amazement." A similar lesson might well have been read to "a weak youth who fancied himself a gentleman," who had the audacity to pitch the poet's handbills out of the carriage-window, and even to make use of disparaging language with reference to the books mentioned on them. But we are told that "on being informed that at home he was called 'Silly Simon,' and beneath our notice, we made the soft youth a low bow, but hope that when his fond mamma hears of the freaks of this her 'pet lamb,' she will teach him better manners." The ladies of Kirkby-Stephen almost invariably smile upon Mr. Close, and it is seldom that he has to make such an entry in his diary as this:—"Met Lady Howard, at least the Hon. Mrs. Howard, of Levens Hall, near Milnthorpe, but her ladyship was in a bad humour, nor would look at our bills or books; and the tall footman, who seemed too great a gentleman for us to approach, he could not scarce speak to us." Unpardonable as such conduct might well be deemed, it elicited nothing more from the ill-used poet than a shrug of his shoulders; but the indecent familiarity of another lady, who addressed him as "Johnny," and wanted to know what he had got under his arm, drew down upon her a well-merited reproof. The idea, as he says, of such a liberty being taken by "a lady whom he had known in the days of her poverty; a lady who had stood at her washing-tub like a certain poet's little wife—and, we say, a lady not half so qualified to be a lady as the said little wife!" It is sad to think that such people exist, and still more melancholy is the fact that their occasional rudeness is likely to drive Mr. Close from his secluded station, and compel him to take to writing "for the London Press." Perhaps, however, it is as well that the picture he draws of his daily life on the platform is not too enticing. Had it been brighter, other great men might have been induced to follow his example, and the neighbourhood of a literary celebrity might have become a bugbear to travellers. Imagine the feelings of a visitor to Albury on being peremptorily requested to purchase "Mr. Tupper's last poem, sir," with the alternative of being annihilated by a stream of poetic lava on the occasion of the author's next eruption!

But if our poet is sometimes exposed to annoyance in his native place, he obtains ample amends from distant and foreign admirers. Having sent a copy of his works to the Prince of Wales, he is proud to say that he received an answer without delay, to the effect that His Royal Highness was much obliged to Mr. Close, but was compelled to decline accepting his present. Almost as gratifying as this "Royal letter of thanks" was that in which the Secretary of the Emperor of the French actually condescended to state that his Imperial Majesty was too busy to be able to look into the book which Mr. Close had sent him. After receiving so glowing a testimonial from the Tuileries, it is not wonderful that the poet expects "that our Most Gracious Queen will use her Royal prerogative, and whisper in the Minister's ear, 'Let the Poet Close have justice. Give him his pension, else France will cry, Shame on Victoria! Shame on the Prince of Wales! and Shame on the Prime Minister!'" Such an interference on the part of Royalty would have taken place long ago, he thinks, had it not been for "Privy Purse Phipps or Pippes," whom he styles "a veritable carpet knight, a Lieutenant who has titles, and never fought a battle except with a fat turkey," and who "refused to allow the Queen to see the last Christmas book, with the grand poem—*In memoriam* of the late Consort." He hopes to meet him some day face to face, and to tell him "a piece of his mind"; and he also looks forward to an interview, but of a pleasanter nature, with Lord Palmerston, to whom, in the interval, he regularly sends his successive works and his portrait, to remind him that he is "still alive and pulling at his coat-tail." It is gratifying to see that his spirits are not permanently affected by the troubles through

which he has gone. At times, it is true, he becomes dejected, and fears that as

The Princes all of Scotland, they
Left Robert Burns to die;
So Poet Close need not expect
A higher destiny.

But he soon recovers from his unwonted fit of depression. The wondrous struggles of Jean Paul, he says, have often cheered him up. "For his fate was like our own; he lived among people who called him a fool, among a set of *barbarians* who could not understand his book; but when once he got twenty miles from home, he was astonished to find himself a *famous man*, a great man! And at last his time *did come*; and we wait for ours." For a long time, he says, *Punch* spoke ill of him, but at length "that old gentleman and father of all the critics" relented, and wished him success. Other and weaker antagonists he intends to crush, remarking that "it is too late in the day for *mushroom gentry* to joke with us; they had better play with a Bengal tiger." A certain weak vicar, it appears, once said of him in scorn, "Poor John, he can do no harm. His writings are harmless." "But of this error," our author indignantly exclaims, "our readers will judge." And undoubtedly, if conceit, vulgarity, servility, and insolence can supply writings with the power of doing harm, Mr. Close has every reason for impugning the vicar's judgment. Far from being harmless, they may fairly claim a more than ordinary share of noxious qualities, and, if he cultivates their demerits with assiduity, he may justly look forward to their taking a prominent place among nuisances.

THE SALE OF LIVINGS.

ONE of the great, though indirect, uses of the Church of England is that it furnishes an unfailing source of very small talk. In more senses than in one, and in many nonsenses, the Church and the parson are public property. The well of village gossip need never run absolutely dry while there is the parson, or the parson's wife, or the parson's wife's new or old bonnet, the parson's extravagance in the matter of ducks, or his meanness in the article of hashed mutton, for the old ladies to discuss in solemn parochial conclave. In the autumn, the great Curate question and the sin of Episcopal nepotism are as sure to reappear in the *Times* as the big fish taken off the Cornish shore, or the remarkable adventure with an alligator in Java, which are kept in type by the penny papers. We do not propose to travel on the path so well trampled down by our contemporaries. It is obvious to the meanest capacity that there must be something very wrong in the Church system which does not provide every clergyman with a living of 500*l.* a year at the age of thirty. And it is so plain that every Bishop ought to give the six or eight livings in his patronage which become annually vacant to each and every one of the hundred and forty-seven curates who have served for twenty years in the diocese with "zeal, acceptability, and success," that the only use of what newspaper writers call "ventilating the subject" is that all other windbags are exhausted. There is, however, one aspect of the Church patronage system which is, in a sense, at once the greatest security of the Church of England as an establishment, and its greatest scandal as a spiritual institution. As long as the advowson of a living is treated as a mere investment, and one out of which extraordinary profits may be legitimately made, the Church is secure from mere spoliation. There is, however, another, and a scandalous, side to the sale of Church property, which we do not very often see discussed by the Church reformers in the *Times*. It is a ticklish subject. Bad as Bishops and Deans and Chapters may be, and flagitious as is the disposal of their patronage, there is one thing they cannot do. They cannot sell an advowson or a next presentation. Even the archiepiscopal options—which were a matter of private property, and therefore of sale—fell under the axe of the present Bishop of Oxford. But private patrons may job and deal with their benefices just as people do with railway shares. And private patrons are not only sensitive as to any interference with property, but are so numerous that their very names occupy a hundred and twenty columns in the *Clergy List*. Now, the duty of selecting for a vacant living the very best clergyman going is not confined to Bishops. When a man has got an ecclesiastical hole to fill up, he must find the peg to fit it—and not only the peg, but the very best peg—be he Bishop or layman. If it is wrong in a Bishop to give a living to a son or even a son-in-law, it is equally wrong in a lay patron. Either Church patronage is a trust—that is, it involves a sacred duty—or it is simply a property, and may be made the most of, according to the recognised rules of economy. But, according to ordinary acceptance, Church patronage is a trust, and must be administered from the purest motives, and under the highest sanctions, when it is in clerical hands; yet the very same patronage is merely a secular property, and involves no moral trust, in lay hands. In other words, there are things which are sins in a clergyman, but not in a layman—an awkward admission in Christian morals. The question is not whether there are or are not, in the case of a clergyman, additional obligations to do that which is right for clergyman and layman alike—a question which is not answered by merely enunciating it—but whether, in the lay patron's case, there is any obligation at all. It seems it is wrong in Bishop X. to give the living of Y., value 300*l.* a year, to his nephew Z.; but it is not wrong, but quite natural, in Sir H. Peyton, Bart., to give the sumptuous living of Doddington, value 7,300*l.*, to the Rev.

Algernon Peyton (we quote the *Clergy List*). A rule ought to be constructed for the guidance of the tender lay conscience in the bestowing of Church patronage. The Evangelical newspapers did something on a recent occasion towards settling the matter, in the case of Episcopal patrons, by laying down the canon that Bishop Villiers, being an Evangelical Bishop, acted upon faith when he gave a living to a son-in-law, but that, had Bishop Phillpotts, not being an Evangelical Bishop, done the same thing, he would have committed a mortal sin.

Not that lay patrons are troubled with much squeamishness. At present the curates do not claim, as a matter of right, that notice from lay patrons which they exact from the Bishops. And the patrons sell, and the clergy are tempted to buy, Church preferment, as though there were no such thing as simony in the world. To sell Church preferment is perfectly lawful. The Keeper of the Queen's Conscience, with the consent of the Spiritual Lords, is doing just now a great stroke of business in the sale of livings. Half the patronage of the Crown—not half in value, but half in number of the Crown livings—is at this moment in the market. And it would help tender consciences, if any such there be among private patrons, if all those obstacles and difficulties which at present beset the sale of livings were put an end to. The most humiliating spectacle to sincere and scrupulous people is the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*. This is the Church Directory. It is the organ of the Bishops; it publishes their *mandements* and arrangements for ordinations and confirmations. And the very last number contains advertisements for the sale and purchase of "Church property," every one of which stands condemned on the authority of canons, constitutions, and Councils innumerable, as simony, and sin of the grossest dye. The consequence is that the agents use the language of the quack doctors, and impart a flavour and suspicion of immorality to what had better be pronounced by law to be lawful. At present it is lawful to sell an advowson, lawful to sell a next presentation; but not lawful to sell a next presentation during the vacancy of the benefice, not lawful to present to a living any clerk who executes a bond to pay part of the proceeds of the living to the patron. But everybody knows that there are dodges by which these provisions are evaded. It is, we suppose, permitted by law for a clergyman to "contribute to the endowment of a new church on condition of his being nominated to it at once"; for this is what "Clericus, care of Mr. Mayne," proposes by public advertisement. But "Omega, care of Messrs. Varty and Fox," in negotiating an exchange, promises "confidential" communications, and hints that a "legal arrangement of a larger income can be made" with any brother who will exchange. At least one-half of these offers of preferment for sale promise "immediate possession." Now, immediate possession can only be legally assured if the incumbent has given a general bond of resignation to the patron, which is illegal. But why should it be illegal? It is not illegal for a clergyman to give 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.* for the endowment of a new church, on condition that he receives an immediate nomination; it is not illegal for a patron to present a clerk on condition that he resigns in favour of the patron's son at a certain given time; why should it be illegal for a patron to sell the next presentation during the vacancy of the benefice? Lawyers answer that the last is a case of technical simony, the others are not. It is simoniacal to take a living on condition of resigning it when called upon; yet it is a common practice to hold a living for a patron's son. It is simoniacal to pay 5,000*l.* for the presentation to an old church now vacant; it is not simoniacal to pay 5,000*l.* for the presentation to a new church to be consecrated next month. However, there seem to be no meshes of the present law which the agents who invite "strict confidence" cannot break through. Take the following:—"For immediate sale—an Advowson, delightfully situated in North Shropshire. Principals only negotiated with. Views must be strictly Evangelical. Possession immediate. Will pay 10 per cent." This looks as illegal as possible; but the *sine quid non* of strictly Evangelical views on the part of the purchaser is a guarantee that there is nothing immoral, and therefore ought to be nothing illegal, in the transfer.

The worst of it is, that the present state of the law on the sale of Church preferment suggests arrangements to defeat it which create scandal, yet which need not do so, because they are acquiesced in by the best of men, and therefore cannot be wrong. For example, there is the case of the late Dr. Marsh, who, we are assured, was the very model of clergymen, and whose dying counsels have been communicated to the whole Church much as if they were the last legacy of a prophet or apostle. Such a man could never have been a party to any transaction which was in itself morally—above all, spiritually—wrong, though undoubtedly it took place purposely to evade the present law. The advowson of Beddington was bought, on the breaking up of the Carew property, for about 8,000*l.*, which was a very fair price to the purchaser for a living worth 1,300*l.* a year with a young life on it. The late rector died prematurely, and the patron, being unable to sell *beneficio vacante*, set to work to manipulate his property, in which he certainly succeeded, for it is said that he sold for 17,000*l.* what he had purchased at 8,000*l.* But to do this legally he was forced to present some clerk; and very naturally he looked out for the oldest and most unpromising life in the *Clergy List*. After something very like a competitive examination in senility, and after the rejection of at least one octogenarian candidate for the fatness of Beddington, Dr. Marsh, *et. sue* 85, who had been excused from doing duty

on account of his age and infirmities, was selected by the patron, presented to Beddington, and instituted. We have been informed on great authority that this arrangement was of the highest spiritual benefit to Beddington. Dr. Marsh's affectionate regard to his parishioners and their mutual love have been enlarged upon. So ardent was that affection that Dr. Marsh desired to lie amongst "his people," and desired that his grave at the church door should teach them the lessons on which they had hung during his life. Probably the lessons taught by the living and dead rector are equally valuable. For he was seldom able to preach, and from age he was quite inaudible. Our immediate concern, however, is not with the late rector of Beddington, but only with his share in the sale and purchase of the spiritual and ecclesiastical cure of Beddington. We have not a word to say against Dr. Marsh, for we never heard of him till the recent extravagant praise was so in-judiciously poured on his very respectable memory. But his clerical course illustrates one of the vices of the present state of the law on Church patronage. Undoubtedly it is an evil and a scandal that any parish should be afflicted with an incumbent whose sole qualifications, in the eyes of the patron, are that he is the very oldest and most decrepit clergyman whom the most active searching into the vast range of clerical incapacities can discover. We do not say that it was wrong in Dr. Marsh, under the circumstances, to accept Beddington. The most religious authorities have said that he was quite right. If a good thing is to go a-begging in this way, it is better that it should fall to the saints, however aged and incompetent, than to the non-converted clergy, however hale and young. To be sure it hardly falls in with some views which good men entertain of their personal qualifications. The late Bishop of London resigned his work because age and infirmities unfitted him for it; but age and infirmities especially fitted Dr. Marsh, in his patron's estimate, for doing work which required faculties of which Dr. Marsh had been in the course of nature deprived. Standards and ideals of the saintly life and of pastoral qualifications vary, and it seems that, if there are virtues which are not of eternal obligation, so there are some crimes which are local and transitory. If simony has ceased to be a sin, let it be abolished by Act of Parliament. Any change in the law must be welcomed both by common sense and by parishioners generally which will prevent the recurrence of such a hard necessity as that which fell on Beddington. A layman has a perfect legal right to make the best of his property, but it is scandalous that even occasionally he should have to invest in clerical infirmities, and be compelled to look out for the worst life extant in the whole range of English parsondom. And it is something more than a scandal to a parish that it should be compelled to accept for its spiritual pastor and master one who, however excellent, has outlived every capacity, and whose highest qualification is that he is eighty-five, and is supposed to be tottering on the verge of the grave.

LORD FORTESCUE ON MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

LORD FORTESCUE has published a pamphlet on Middle-Class Education, instinct with that dread of centralization which Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his recent articles on "French Eton," deprecates as the chief obstacle to a satisfactory solution of the problem. It would be hard to find two writers who more exactly represent the two poles of English opinion on this question. Mr. Arnold, viewing it through the lens of the official mind, is all for invoking the aid of the State. He would establish a system of *Lycées* on the French model, with the guarantee of Government for their efficient conduct. Nothing short of this, he thinks, will suffice to sweep away the rank crop of private-adventure schools, by the alluring prospectuses of which the farmer or tradesman parent is so liable to be victimized. Agreeing with Mr. Arnold's estimate of the crying defects of middle-class education, Lord Fortescue proposes a very different remedy. If we remember rightly, he has before now taken occasion, in public, to eulogize the policy of the late Minister of Education. But he leaves Mr. Lowe far behind in the tilt which he rides against bureaucracy. Not only is political economy violated, but the manliness of the English character is undermined by the acceptance of public money for educational purposes. Training Colleges are an abomination to him. His gorge rises at the mention of a Queen's Scholar. He cannot abide a teacher with the taint of State aid upon him. Above all, therefore, the education of the middle class must be independent of Government control, and self-supporting. The middle class must educate itself by means of middle-class teachers. This might sound ironical, however sound in principle, if the noble pamphleteer did not proceed to show how it may be done. Himself a "county-god"—to quote the expressive phrase of the Laureate—he naturally takes the county for the area of his operations. His plan is to establish county schools, county universities, a county degree. Through this ascending scale of preparation, a regenerated—or, as Mr. Arnold says, a transmuted—middle class is to rise to the duties of a largely extended citizenship. As an earnest of this glorious future, Lord Fortescue points with legitimate pride to the Devon County School, established about five years ago for the education of farmers' sons. This experiment has hitherto answered well. The charges are fixed at a rate which places the institution within easy reach of the class

whom it is designed to benefit, and the course of instruction appears to be sensible, with the one exception that dancing is taught to those pupils whose parents desire it. As parents of the middle class confessedly desire a great many foolish things with regard to their children—the specious private academy being simply the result of their demand for showy but superficial instruction—they can hardly be regarded as competent judges of the educational requirements of their order. This is admitted by the promoters of the Devon County School, in the management of which the yeoman element is wisely associated with landed proprietors and clergymen—colleagues whose influence, from their greater culture and enlightenment, must predominate. The co-operation of a more educated class will be still more essential to the success of the projected county university. "In the governing body," says Lord Fortescue, "reasonable security should be taken, at least at the outset, for the introduction of a sufficient number of persons with minds expanded by the fuller and more liberal education which the more advanced age, and consequent average state of knowledge of their students, enable the old universities to afford. This precaution would be by no means superfluous." In homelier phrase, middle-class education must be kept in leading strings till it can run alone.

We have referred to this subject, not so much for the purpose of ventilating Lord Fortescue's suggestions, however much they may deserve attention, as of commenting on the opinions which he expresses with regard to the middle classes. Before attempting to prescribe how any one is to be educated, it is important to gain a clear conception of the character of the person for whom you are to prescribe. Without such a diagnosis, no appropriate scheme for his education can be devised. Before seeking to operate on the middle classes, the reformer of education must assure himself of the necessary data on which to proceed. He must not only inform himself of the deficiencies of the schooling now in vogue among them, but he must study the moral and intellectual physiognomy of the middle classes themselves. He must know what manner of man the typical farmer or shopkeeper is. Mr. Arnold, in writing on this subject, drew attention to what he considered to be the salient features of middle-class character. His remarks were those of an acute observer. He pointed out forcibly its strength and its weakness. Great earnestness and concentration of purpose, and an absence of frivolous tendencies, joined to great intellectual narrowness, distinguish, in his opinion, that large stratum of society which divides the governing and the labouring classes. Lord Fortescue speaks with still more authority on the subject of the middle classes. He is a landlord, and personally conversant, therefore, with the farmer's mind; and he has been a metropolitan member. He is familiar, therefore, with both the rural and urban sections of the middle class. What seems most to have struck him is their honest independence. His whole scheme for providing for their education is based upon and adapted to this view of their character. Now, in one sense, no doubt, all Englishmen are independent. There is a national dislike of dictation, an impatience of anything approaching interference. We say that every man's house is his castle, and the boast is characteristic. We carry our love of personal liberty to a point which appears to our Continental critics extremely like anarchy. In this sense, independence is a feature not of any one class among us, but of the whole nation. We very much doubt, however, whether it can be truly predicated of the middle class, as one of their peculiar characteristics. Still less do we believe them to be imbued with this feeling to the extent which their noble panegyrist represents. Yet, according to him, there is no question in connexion with which it asserts itself more strongly than the question of education. He sees a vision of the middle classes sternly refusing to accept, in the most indirect form, a shilling of the public money for their children's education. It makes no difference that the public money consists of taxes a great part of which comes out of their pockets, so that, in drawing aid from such a fund upon some equitable and judicious plan of distribution, they would be merely receiving back their own with usury. The sturdy yeoman does not trouble his mind with these subtle distinctions. Money transmitted from Whitehall is money which it is contamination to touch. As he goes his rounds to look after the hay-crop or the turnips, a glimpse of a village school in the erection of which the Committee of Education has had a share sends a shiver through his sensitive but solid frame. And as he passes the diocesan Training College, on his way to market with his samples, he thinks with a shudder of disgust of the emasculate State-drudges whom its walls enclose. To the circumstance of its connexion with Government Lord Fortescue attributes the "notorious" unpopularity of the last-named institution with the middle classes, and its "too appropriate" nickname of Protestant Maynooth. "The strongest proof," he adds, "that can be given of the extent of this unpopularity, and of the degradation implied in the eyes of that independent class, may be found in the significant fact that, though the profession of National schoolmaster is, in comparison with the places open to the younger sons of Devon farmers, unquestionably well paid, yet these lads not only shrink from entering the training-school—where they would get gratis a good education, with an assurance of after employment—but, to my knowledge, have positively refused offers of a good appointment of this kind, not because they felt, much less were, unequal to the duties, but distinctly on the ground that both to themselves and their families it involved loss of grade." Now we must first observe that the fact of the unpopularity of the Training Colleges with the middle classes, so far from being notorious, is entirely

new to us. We have heard and seen a great deal which points to a precisely opposite conclusion. What is "notorious," for it has been shown remarkably by several elections during the last three years, is that the middle classes are inclined to sanction a much larger expenditure on public education, Training Colleges included, than the House of Commons, as guardian of the public purse, can be brought to acquiesce in. So much for the actual state of feeling among them. But assuming for a moment that the unpopularity which Lord Fortescue alleges really exists, we should hesitate to refer it to the cause to which he attributes it, on such evidence as he adduces. A few "younger sons of Devon farmers," it seems, decline to be made into schoolmasters because, forsooth, it involves a loss of position—in other words, because they think it slow. Every one knows that they are not singular in their view. The profession of a teacher is liable to be thought mawkish. These young Devon blades—some of whom, according to Lord Fortescue, can be very fast young gentlemen—want a life of more activity, and greater play for their animal spirits. This has probably more to do with their refusal to enter a Training College than the fear of forfeiting their position by a temporary connexion with "a Protestant Maynooth." Independence, and a hatred of what he calls bureaucracy, appear to be regarded by Lord Fortescue as convertible terms. When he predicates the former quality of the middle classes, he seems to mean to attribute to them the latter. It is to the statement that independence in this sense is a distinguishing feature of the middle classes, that we demur. If it is, they have an odd way of showing it. It is hardly consistent in a class which "shuns" the Training College as though State-aid were a polluted thing, to frequent elementary schools which are partially supported by Government. Hundreds of farmers' and tradesmen's sons are at this moment "notoriously" being educated in great measure at the public expense, and if their parents as a class entertain the views about education with which Lord Fortescue credits them, all we can say is, that they must swallow their scruples very comfortably.

So far as the feeling of the middle classes is concerned, we do not believe that it has yet pronounced in favour of any particular system of education. They are open to conversion by those who regard some measure of central superintendence as indispensable, or by the apostles of independent local action. The ground is not occupied by prejudices subversive of either of these views. Nor, on the other hand, do matters seem ripe for the adoption of either. At the present time, when the question of middle-class education is rising into importance, and is likely to receive, if possible, a practical solution, when the flood-gates of a Social Science meeting are about to be opened, and the public mind to be well sluiced with the crotchets of amateur educationists, it is particularly desirable that the impartial—it would be nearer the mark to say the apathetic—attitude of the middle classes on this subject should be distinctly recognised. While the doctors fuss around his bed, each intent on applying his own nostrum, the patient lies still, and makes no sign. To begin by crediting the middle classes with feelings which they do not possess, and investing them with qualities which are in no special way their characteristic, is a sure way not only to perplex the inquiry upon which we are about to enter, but seriously to diminish the chances of its satisfactory settlement. We do full justice to the correctness of a great part of the estimate which Lord Fortescue forms of their character. He adverts, for instance, in passing, to that "respectability" on which they pique themselves, and we entirely agree with him that it is to be regarded, not as any criterion of morals, but as "a qualification resulting from known social positions and family relationships." He eulogizes their industry and thrift, but sees that, as a class employed in the constant pursuit of gain, they stand in need of elevating, expanding, and de-mammonizing influences. He expresses his belief that in no class do the domestic virtues appear to greater advantage—a statement, by the way, which used to be hazarded with greater freedom and confidence in the days before the Divorce Court. He is fully alive to the importance of developing in the middle classes that public spirit which the higher classes owe to the principles of training adopted in the great public schools. On these and other points Lord Fortescue makes many valuable observations. But we cannot accept him as an exponent of the views entertained by the general mass of the middle classes on the question of education. When he represents them as radically averse to any Government interference, as glorying in their independence of State aid, one cannot but suspect that the advocate is unconsciously transferring to his clients a portion of that fervour for voluntarism which animates his own breast. Whatever may be the state of feeling in the middle class, there can be no doubt that hatred of bureaucracy is strongest of all in the aristocratic class.

DONCASTER RACES.

THE proceedings on the Cup Day at Doncaster lost some of their expected interest in consequence of the absence of Blair Athol through an injury which he suffered in the St. Leger. In attempting to come through the horses which were before him, he got too close to the heels of one of them, and received a kick upon his knee, which rendered it imprudent and perhaps impossible for him to run again during the meeting. This accident will account for the momentary hesitation which was observed before

the horse made his final effort, and it enhances the merit of a victory which appeared to be very easily achieved. It is curious that the innocent cause of the injury should be reported to be the very horse who had most to gain from the effect of it. In the absence of Blair Athol on Friday, the Doncaster Stakes fell, almost without dispute, to Ely. It had been proved at York that Blair Athol could give 7 lbs. to Ely and beat him, and the question in the race for the Doncaster Stakes would have been whether he could give 10 lbs. The disability of Blair Athol rendered Ely's success certain and easy, for he had only to beat Coast Guard, whose three-year-old form is very inferior to what he promised a year ago, when he left Doncaster with the reputation of being about the best two-year-old engaged in the Derby that had appeared in public.

The absence of Blair Athol from the race for the Doncaster Cup was a much heavier disappointment, and the contest of 1864, compared with some that have been seen in former years, was but a poor affair. The penalty in the Cup race for winning the Derby or St. Leger is 7 lbs., and for running second in either of those races, 3 lbs. Thus Blair Athol would have had to give 4 lbs. to General Peel, and upon their running in the St. Leger this is not more than he ought easily to give. The absence of any one good three-year-old from the Cup race is the more important because there are pretty sure to be some three-year-olds left in it good enough to keep the older horses in their stables. Among the entries was the five-year-old Adventurer, who has done some very good things in his time, but on this occasion he rather belied his name by declining a contest which could not have looked hopeful. Adventurer came out on the first day of this meeting for the first time since his great race for the Gold Vase last year at Ascot. It was thought that that race had finished his career, but time and rest have brought him round, and he came out at Doncaster in capital form. It would be difficult to find a more imposing horse to look at than Adventurer, and he can trot as well as gallop, as his rider took care to show as he went up the course on the first day. But it is to be feared that he would have got badly beaten for the Cup. Another absentee was Caller Ou, from whom it would not be reasonable to expect much, unless we knew what part she has had to take in preparing Blair Athol for the St. Leger. It is now three years since she won that race herself, and, among other reports indicative of Blair Athol's quality, it was stated that Caller Ou could not beat him for the St. Leger at three-year-old weight. Without adopting this report as strictly true, it may be taken to imply that Caller Ou had had her work to do to avoid being galloped over by Blair Athol in his exercise. It is easy to imagine the feelings of an intelligent animal who, when doing her utmost, feels and knows that another is galloping close at her quarters from whom she cannot possibly get away, and who could pass her at any moment he thought proper. The Flying Dutchman is said to have done a deal of mischief to his trial horses, and West Australian nearly ruined Daniel O'Rourke by being "always on his back" in his gallops. It seems likely that, if Blair Athol is kept in training, he will either have to do his work in solitude, or cost his owner a good deal in trial horses. Caller Ou, from various causes, has never done well at Doncaster since she won the St. Leger. She got beaten by a three-year-old, Baron Rothschild's Evelina, in the Queen's Plate on Wednesday; and, to say nothing of General Peel, it would have been hardly worth while to bring her out against another and better filly of the Baron's—namely, Hippolyta—on Friday. It was thought that Baron Rothschild made a great mistake in not starting Evelina as well as Hippolyta for the Cup, for if Hippolyta had been helped by having something to make a pace for her in the early part of the race, she would have had a better chance of beating General Peel. Lord Glasgow started Rapid Rhone to help the horse with which he hoped to win, not, however, by making the pace fast, but by making it slow. As it was necessary to put a light weight on General Peel, Aldcroft was mounted on Rapid Rhone, doing all he could to win the Cup for Lord Glasgow, but not with the horse he rode. Besides Hippolyta, who was unwisely denied a partner, the only other starter was Miner, whom we saw out-paced in the St. Leger, but whose friends not unreasonably expected that he would do better in a longer race, where his great staying power might enable him to cut down the field and so to finish without being called upon to exert a speed which he does not possess.

Against such competition, and with these arrangements to ensure success, the Whitewall people considered that General Peel could not miss the Cup. Indeed, it might usually be expected that the second horse in the Derby and St. Leger would beat even the winner of the Oaks, and Hippolyta was not in the Oaks at all. Nevertheless, the tactics adopted in the Cup race would seem to show that General Peel's owner had more confidence in the horse's speed than in his staying power, and it is reported that Hippolyta possesses both qualities in fair degree. The pace was remarkably slow until the last half mile, both Hippolyta and Miner doing all they dared to quicken it, and Rapid Rhone doing all he could to deaden it; while General Peel kept just behind his friend, and waited until his time came. Miner was beaten 200 yards from home, having "pumped" himself by his meritorious efforts to improve the pace; and, as Rapid Rhone had done his part sufficiently, he left General Peel and Hippolyta to fight it out. They ran home a close race, which the General only won by a head, but, as he was hard held at the finish, it may be supposed that he could have won by a

good deal more if necessary. The triumph of Lord Glasgow's popular colours was received with hearty cheers, and it is satisfactory that that nobleman's perseverance in breeding and running race-horses has been rewarded by the possession of an animal which would have been regarded as unusually good if the same year had not produced an extraordinarily good horse in Blair Athol.

There was not seen this year at Doncaster any such grand-looking two-year-old as the colt which ran a match last year, and afterwards received the name of General Peel. Time will show whether the winners of two-year-old races at this meeting are destined to become prominent favourites in the betting upon next year's Derby; but, so far as can be judged at present, the two-year-old racing at Doncaster was not so important as it has sometimes been. The Champagne Stakes, won last year by Ely, were won this year by Mr. Merry's Zambesi, who has been generally assumed to be considerably inferior to his stable companion Liddington. Mr. Merry's colt had clearly the best of a pretty close race with Mr. Sutton's filly Gardevisure, who has been one of the most distinguished of the young performers during the season; and therefore, although Zambesi has been beaten several times, it is impossible to deny that he showed at Doncaster considerable merit, which, indeed, might be expected from his appearance. The Two-year-old Sweepstakes on Thursday, which were won last year by Coast Guard, went this year to Audax, to whom the favourite Ostregor, winner of the Findon Stakes at Goodwood, proved unable to give 7 lbs. The previous career of Audax had not been particularly brilliant, and it included a defeat at Ascot by Zambesi, in the only race that colt won before he came to Doncaster. The winning of this only race, however, was no despicable exploit; for it has been often seen, as in the case of Brown Duchess in 1860 and of Scottish Chief in 1863, that a two-year-old who does well up the hill at Ascot does well afterwards. But on the whole, the two-year-olds which ran at this meeting were a moderate lot, and did not seem to be very near the measure of a winner of next year's Derby. The same inference may be drawn from observing the movements of the market, where 30 or 40 to 1 was offered against all the two-year-olds which had done enough at Doncaster to attract notice, while only 20 to 1 was offered against Breadalbane, brother to Blair Athol, who was staying quietly at home.

The condition of English horse-racing is well illustrated by the fact that, next to the races for the St. Leger and the Cup, the most important part of the proceedings at Doncaster was the two-year-old contests. Under the present system, everything turns upon the Derby, and, next to horses engaged in the Derby which is to come, it is interesting to look at those which were engaged in the Derby which is past. One of Friday's races brought out Coup d'État, the horse which was disqualified for the Derby by the death of his nominator. It was stated that this horse had only lately recovered from a severe illness, so that his defeat at Doncaster ought not to be taken as a measure of the grounds on which his backers trusted him for the great race at Epsom; but probably that which appeared a calamity at the time was one of the best pieces of luck that ever happened to these speculators. Another horse, once prominent in betting lists, figured ingloriously on the first day at Doncaster. This was Paris, winner of the Findon Stakes last year, and second to General Peel in the Two Thousand. As compared with these two Derby favourites, who may be said to have gone down in the world, Cambuscan has got up in it considerably; for it is undeniable that his running in the St. Leger, taken by itself, would make him as good a horse as General Peel. There is, however, a wide difference between doing well once by a happy accident and doing well whenever called upon to do anything. Lord Stamford may be heartily congratulated on seeing it proved at last that Cambuscan deserved some part of the confidence placed in him before the Derby, but certainly the deplorable accident which caused the death of Flying Fish more than counterbalanced whatever good luck fell to Lord Stamford's share at Doncaster. The last race of the meeting was, in fact, a walk over for Cambuscan, as Mr. Naylor's Gazza Ladra only started to save her stake. Cambuscan is a very handsome horse, and the closer you go to him the better you will like him. Almost the only fault that can be found in him is that he has rather a straight shoulder. It has always been said that his legs would not bear much work upon hard ground, and the rain which fell at Doncaster may account for his doing better there than he had done before.

The managers of Doncaster races make fresh improvements every year in their arrangements for the accommodation of the vast concourse of visitors to the Town Moor. As the prosperity of the town depends greatly upon the races, it may be expected that the Corporation will follow rather than attempt to lead popular taste and fashion, and, therefore, a Doncaster programme is pretty sure to be well filled with those handicaps over short distances which, to persons who neither own horses nor make more than trifling bets, appear to cause more trouble than they are worth. The words "Red House in" on a Doncaster race-card are always suggestive to the experienced visitor of numerous false starts, causing wearisome delay. Nobody cares about weather during the St. Leger, but exposure to what *Bell's Life* calls "the pitiless storm" during the half hour which was consumed in breakings away of some of the competitors for the Stand Plate Handicap is rather more than ordinary patience can endure. However, this sort of racing pleases horse-owners, because it gives everybody a chance; and it pleases the ring, because large fields furnish opportunities

for profitable business. If there be any other class of persons whom it does not please, that class is undoubtedly at liberty to stay away from Doncaster. Breeders of horses are entitled to do what they like with them, but in a national point of view the preference for short races at this great meeting may well cause regret. Out of thirty races run at Doncaster the length of course in twenty-two was a mile or under, and in twelve it was under six furlongs, while in only two did it exceed two miles. Another and stronger reason for dissatisfaction is that, with the exception of the three-year-olds, very few good horses showed at Doncaster. Caller Ou ran for the Queen's Plate, but did not win it, and the only other horses over four years old who showed any form at all were Magnum Bonum, who won the Great Yorkshire Handicap on the first day, and Adventurer. The four-year-olds figured even more indifferently. So far, those who complain of the present system of racing appear to be justified by facts.

It almost makes one sad to think how fleeting must be Blair Athol's popularity. If a match could be made between him and Vermuth, the St. Leger itself could hardly excite greater interest. But such a match is not likely to be made. A month ago Blair Athol was well worth 10,000*l.*, but now he has won the two great races and fulfilled his mission. As a cup-horse, he might pay his way for the next two years, and as a stud-horse he would certainly. But he has seen his most glorious day at Doncaster. He may add the Ascot, or Goodwood, or Doncaster Cup to his trophies; but the chances are much against him. Last year Lord Clifden was the idol of the hour. Will it be Blair Athol's fate to be defeated as ignominiously as Lord Clifden?

MR. J. L. TOOLE.

AMONG the living low comedians who belong entirely to the present generation Mr. J. L. Toole unquestionably holds the highest place, and he is, moreover, one of those actors whose talent is not only acknowledged but respected. It is one of the drawbacks to the broadly comic department of the histrionic profession that the fame bestowed upon those who greatly shine in it may possibly take that form of patronage which easily degenerates into a sort of benevolent contempt. Crowds will go to see the irresistible Mr. Guffaw, but the same crowds are strongly of opinion that he is a buffoon; and Guffaw, to keep up his popularity, is very likely to become a buffoon in good earnest. The pet of the public is not necessarily the person whom the public reveres—a truth which ought to be laid to heart by the large tribe of interesting young ladies who call themselves Minnie, Lizzie, Milly, Polly, and what not, instead of contenting themselves with their proper Christian names.

Something analogous to the position of the actor who is expected to adopt every expedient that will raise a laugh may be found in the professed "funny man" of society. His presence at a dinner-party is expected with eager delight, the buzz of the table is hushed when he opens his mouth, his most commonplace remarks produce a laugh on account of the broad assumption that nothing which he utters can be wholly devoid of humour, and while his power of amusement lasts he is the idol of his company. Ability to sing a comic song and to play upon the banjo will heighten this idolatry into fanaticism. But in the hours of what Horace calls the solid day, when the post-prandial roars of the preceding evening have died away and are safely buried beneath the stratum of serious business which is brought by every morning, the "funny man" will often be mortified to perceive that he is perhaps the only person in his own wide circle of acquaintance who is never consulted when any matter of real importance is under consideration. His last conundrum was inimitable, his last story was "stunning," his last comic song won the heart of every fast young lady within earshot, his fantasia on the banjo was almost as good as anything of the sort executed by Mr. Babbage's street-tormentors; but, nevertheless, there is not a heavy fellow in his set whose advice is not more eagerly sought when a pecuniary difficulty is to be solved, a weighty project to be discussed, or a family quarrel to be settled. Even where frivolity is most admired, it has its attendant disadvantages.

Now there is this in Mr. Toole, that he is never frivolous, and that, although lavish in his expedients to promote mirth, he always conveys the impression that he is earnestly striving to realize a deliberately formed conception. This is the more remarkable as he was trained in an atmosphere of the broadest farce, and has not been inured to that "legitimate" business to which the best energies of Messrs. Keeley, Harley, Buckstone, and Compton have been devoted. The survivors of these are veterans of the stage, who still conserve the traditions of the patent days, and are not to be judged from the same standpoint as a thoroughly modern artist like Mr. Toole. It was perhaps a fortunate circumstance for this now universally popular actor that, when he first came before the public, the same could not be said of him that Poitier said of Liston—namely, that he was a laugh. Probably few at the present moment remember his delineation of Samuel Pepys, in a drama produced, with moderate success, at the St. James's Theatre. This was one of the earliest parts in his London career, and to the generality of the public it indicated little more than a most painstaking disposition. The art to conceal art was wanting, but most conspicuous was the actor's determination to do his best. A greater impression was made by the very accurate

imitation of several living actors with which he enlivened the latter part of the evening. But from mere mimetic skill no sure inference can be drawn. The best imitator often turns out a bad actor; and in this there is nothing remarkable, for the power of copying peculiarities of utterance does not necessarily imply a faculty for the conception of character. About the time of Mr. Toole's first appearances, Mr. Robson was astonishing the Olympic audiences with his spontaneous flashes of genius, and the reckless fun of Mr. Wright was still fresh in the minds of the frequenters of the Adelphi. Mr. Toole had to work hard in order to attain a position, and work he did.

Perhaps the first character in which he showed that he was not a mere funny man, only less funny than some of his contemporaries, was that of a mechanic in the very clever farce, by Mr. Hollingshead, entitled the *Birthplace of Podgers*. There is now not a better-known farce on the stage, but at the time of its production at the Lyceum it did not receive the attention it deserved. However, all who saw and could appreciate Mr. Toole's representation of the industrious straightforward artisan, anxious to refresh himself with his "bit of dinner" in the interval between his hours of toil, but perpetually interrupted by visitors anxious to see the birthplace of an obscure poetaster, must have been convinced that no common artist was in their presence. Here was an English operative, with all his sturdy peculiarities, drawn immediately from the life, without a particle of staginess about him. Such a representation could not have been achieved without much thought and observation. It was clearly the creation of a man who was not of opinion that the vital breath of the stage could be inhaled from the stage itself. At this period of his career Mr. Toole also distinguished himself as a leading actor of burlesque, adopting the quasi-tragic principle by which Mr. Robson made himself so famous, and showing himself a thorough proficient in all the external accomplishments of his business. He could sing capably, fight, dance, imitate—could do, in short, everything that is required in the region of burlesque or farce. This substratum of "general usefulness" was of eminent service to Mr. Toole. He had at his command all those tried expedients by which the roars of an amusement-seeking public may be excited, and could thus gradually win a broad popularity before his exceptional excellences were acknowledged. Becoming the principal low-comedian at the Adelphi, a theatre which he has never since quitted, he could make those laugh who had often laughed at Mr. Wright, though his object was as different as possible from that of his justly celebrated predecessor. With all due regard for the irresistible drollery of Mr. Wright, and with the admission that no description can be given of it intelligible to those who never saw the great *farceur*, we are forced to reflect that he did but little to elevate his calling. For a laugh he would sacrifice everything, sometimes without excepting decorum; and though one or two very striking parts may be cited in support of an opposite assertion, it cannot be seriously maintained that delineation of character was generally his forte. He wished to be funny, and funny he was to his own heart's content, and to the hearts' content of all who beheld him.

Now spontaneous, overflowing, inconsiderate "fun" has never been a distinctive peculiarity of Mr. Toole. Even when he is most grotesque, it is with a purpose, and because he thinks that certain exaggerations are necessary to the proper exhibition of the character he has undertaken to represent. Character, indeed, is with him the all-important point. If the author will not give him an individuality, he will try to make one for himself. This propensity has been shown in the dozens of farces of which he has been the principal support. Some of them have been good, some bad, some indifferent; but in all of them Mr. Toole has given an artistic value to his own part. Never content with mere fun, he has always apprehended or imagined an individual focus from which all the scintillations proper even to the broadest farce should emanate. Thought, serious reflective thought, lies at the foundation of his drollest exhibitions. No one is more free from buffoonery than Mr. Toole, although all the mechanical accomplishments proper to the buffoon are at his fingers' ends. The power of delineating character being his especial gift, it almost necessarily follows that Mr. Toole is by no means confined within the limits of farce and burlesque; and for some time past he has given evidence of an ability to depict the more serious emotions. The panic terror which he assumed when sustaining one of the minor parts in Mr. Boucicault's *Phantom*, and his quiet pathos as Caleb Plummer in the same gentleman's version of Mr. Charles Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth*, were sufficient to prove that the range of characters ordinarily associated with the name of Mr. Robson was almost, if not entirely, within his reach. In this age of ultra-realism, when, both in plays and novels, the public are charmed with characters that represent the oddities of actual life, those personages in whom the comic and tragic elements are closely combined, and in whom there is no pretence to idealism, are almost certain to be popular. It is on the border-line between the droll and the pathetic that Mr. Webster and Mr. Robson have achieved some of their greatest successes.

After hovering for some time about this serio-comic point of attraction, which is as fascinating to the low comedian as the candle to the moth—with the important difference that it does not allure to destruction—Mr. Toole has at last yielded to the temptation, and performed a part that would have been considered great for Mr. Robson in his best days. This part is the Père Goriot of M. de Balzac, transformed into an English Cockney, with

his comic and tragic phases brought closely enough together to be exhibited, each in full force, within the limits of two hours. Those who are not acquainted with the famous French type of paternal weakness may be informed that Père Goriot is literally a Lear of domestic life, who parts with his substance to maintain a couple of worthless daughters in a condition of pride and extravagance, and is repaid with the basest ingratitude. In the English piece, which is entitled *Stephen Digges*, the badness of these abominable daughters is softened down, and their husbands, rather than themselves, are ungrateful to the "foolish fond old man"; but the work which the actor has to do is precisely what it would have been if this modification had not taken place. With a novel task before him, Mr. Toole has gone through it to admiration. Broadly comic as the prosperous citizen; humble and broken-spirited, but still not devoid of humour, when pressed down by a load of sorrow; fierce in his anger when wrong has exceeded the power of endurance, Mr. Toole has even taken by surprise a public that had long acknowledged him as one of its chief favourites. That the tragic element was within him, as well as the comic, all knew well enough; but that he could sustain a long piece, the interest of which was essentially serious, and be earnest beyond the suspicion of fun—for this his heartiest admirers had scarcely given him credit.

The lamentable death of Mr. Robson leaves open to Mr. Toole a wide field for the display of his newly exhibited talent. And though as yet he has not attained all that terrific force that belonged to Mr. Robson's strongest exhibitions of rage, he has in some respects an advantage over that eccentric genius. Mr. Robson lost in versatility what he gained in intensity, and the range of characters which lay within his grasp was extremely limited. As a queer old plebeian deeply wronged, as an exceptional type of very low life, as the grotesque supporter of a mock tragedy, he was scarcely to be equalled; but beyond those limits he never made a great sensation, and long before his retirement from the stage, dramatists were heard expressing the difficulty they felt in providing him with a new character. To the sphere in which Mr. Toole may display his talent there is no assignable limit.

REVIEWS.

NAPIER'S LECTURES ON BUTLER'S ANALOGY.*

MR. NAPIER'S *Lectures on Butler's Analogy* are much the sort of performance which might be expected from a veteran lawyer and politician who undertakes to expound a standard book on Divinity to an Association of Christian Young Men. They are a prolonged and almost, if not quite, unqualified eulogy, pronounced in a tone of the most solemn veneration, diversified by complimentary references to a number of writers of unimpeachable orthodoxy. Thus we read:—"On the last occasion on which I heard the late Prince Consort deliver a public address in London, he gave to this objection an answer full of truth and wisdom, and eminently characteristic of his sound and cultivated mind"; and again—"On the first interview which I had with" [the Earl of Eglinton] "just after his appointment to the Viceregal office, I anticipated the success of his career from a simple but significant observation which he made." In like manner we have—"Mr. Starkie in his excellent work on the Law of Evidence"; "Mr. Mansel in his admirable Essay on the Miracles"; "the masterly sermons of the Bishop of Ossory, &c."; "Dr. Salmon in his sound and admirable lecture"; "Mr. Smith, the respected minister of St. Stephen's Church, in his valuable treatise on the Miracles"; and so on. Two facts, however, are sufficient to give those who are accustomed to such reading the keynote, so to speak, of Mr. Napier's performance. He is always harping on the Inductive Method, and on the fact that Butler followed Bacon's precepts, and he is a great admirer of Dr. Whately's Historic Doubts about Napoleon. Of course no one can object to this. What, indeed, can be more delightful than the discovery that so much wisdom and goodness, such profound philosophy and delightful wit, should be found amongst the dignitaries of the Church, the State, and the Law, and that so many excellent, admirable, masterly, and valuable treatises should be so perfectly sound? Perhaps it is desirable to take every opportunity of impressing Christian Young Men with a spirit of optimism; and the tendency to feel a certain surprise, not unmixed with amusement, at the length of Mr. Napier's list of persons who have made a good thing of both worlds, may be taken to prove a deficiency either in youth or in Christianity.

Mr. Napier's style is the style of the place and of the occasion. The lectures, having been delivered *vis à voce*, are sometimes clumsy and incomplete in expression, and, as frequently happens, he appears to have been infected by his author. Butler's warmest admirers will not deny that his style is grievously deficient in animation, and in that ease and clearness which a man of high animal spirits can put even into abstruse speculations. It is, for instance, far inferior to the style of Pascal or Descartes. Mr. Napier is apt in this respect to out-Butler Butler, and the com-

* *Lectures on Butler's Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature.* Delivered before the members of the Dublin Young Men's Christian Association in connexion with the United Church of England and Ireland. By the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, LL.D. Dublin: 1864.

ment, as a rule, is by no means so easy as the text. This is, perhaps, an inevitable difficulty, and is rather an objection to the publication of lectures on Butler than to their delivery. If such a man as Mr. Napier is kind enough to explain Butler to the Christian Young Men at Dublin, it is probable enough that he will lead many of them, who would not otherwise have done so, to read his writings; but the lectures themselves must, from the nature of the case, be a decoction of Butler, and as such are likely to do little to advance his fame or increase the number of his thoughtful students.

It would, for obvious reasons, be impossible in this place to attempt any general notice of *Butler's Analogy*. It would be presumptuous to blame, and perhaps a little servile to praise indiscriminately, a book which is justly regarded as the ablest and most philosophical defence of the main doctrines of Christianity to be found in our language. It may, however, be observed in general that much remains to be said upon the subject, and that few books would be more important or interesting than one which, with strict truthfulness and perfect impartiality, should show what has really been proved by Butler, how far his arguments extend, and how they are related to the controversies of his own day, and to that supplement to them which is still in progress amongst us, and which in all probability will continue, in one shape or another, for many generations. The composition of such a book would be the work of years, and would require a thorough acquaintance with the controversial history and literature of the last two centuries. We propose, on the present occasion, to offer a few observations on certain isolated topics handled or suggested by Mr. Napier in the course of his lectures.

One general consideration which Mr. Napier has noticed in passing, but on which he has not dwelt at any length, is suggested by an observation which occurs near the end of the book:—

In this treatise I have argued upon [i.e., as explained in a note, notwithstanding, or conceding for the sake of argument] the principles of others, not my own, and have omitted what I think true and of the utmost importance, because by others thought unintelligible or not true. Thus I have argued on the principles of the Fatalists, which I do not believe; and have omitted a thing of the utmost importance, which I do believe—the moral fitness and unfitness of actions prior to all will whatever, which I apprehend as certainly to determine the Divine conduct as speculative truth and falsehood necessarily determine the Divine judgment.

This observation, which is perfectly true, and is generally invested with less importance by those who criticize Butler than it deserves, explains many of his characteristics, and especially some which it must be admitted are, to say the least, not conciliatory. No one can have read the *Analogy*, even superficially, without being struck from time to time by a tone of something like harshness, and a want of humanity which occasionally jars upon the reader. It would be difficult to analyse the causes of an effect which is produced principally by style and by forms of expression; but every one must be conscious, on laying the book aside, of having been in the society of one whose estimate of his Maker's dealings with mankind recalls and suggests that of the wicked servant in the parable:—"I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed." The argument constantly seems to run more or less into the shape of an admission that Christianity is a very horrible thing, followed with the plea that, after all, it is not more horrible than the state of things already existing in the world. How far this is a fair account of Butler's theory, or how far, if it be his theory, the argument is sound, we cannot inquire here; but it should always be borne in mind by those to whom the book presents itself in this light, that a man can hardly be expected to do full justice to principles of which he disapproves, and on which he argues only under protest. He observes:—"These two abstract principles of liberty and moral fitness being omitted, religion can be considered in no other view than merely as a question of fact." No doubt Butler had a right to make the fact look as hard and dry as he could; and he is liable only to slight blame if he in some degree overstated its real hardness when he was debarred, by the conditions of the controversy in which he had embarked, from resorting to the abstract principles which he believed to be adapted not merely to silence objections, but to carry conviction to the conscience and feelings. It would almost appear as if the sternness of the *Analogy* were intended, more or less consciously, as a sort of inducement to accept the principles on the rejection of which it proceeds.

This observation is important, not merely as an explanation of a tone in the *Analogy* which to many readers is not acceptable, but also for other reasons. In the first place, it suggests an inquiry at which in this place we can only glance, but which, if adequately carried out, would be of the highest interest. It is handled to some extent in the only one of the *Essays and Reviews* which was admitted by one set of critics to be harmless, whilst it was allowed by all to be able and instructive—Mr. Patteson's Essay on the Writers on Christian Evidences. The question is, what is the real relation between the transcendental theory of morality—"the abstract principles of liberty and moral fitness," to use Butler's phrase—and religious orthodoxy? In our own day, religious orthodoxy is generally found in company with a belief in some form or other, more or less modified, of transcendentalism. Few writers who would usually be described as orthodox base all our knowledge on experience, and refer all morality to the principle of expediency. This connexion, however, is by no means necessary, nor did it, as a fact, exist in the last century universally, or even

generally. The names of Locke, Berkeley, and Paley are sufficient to prove this on the one side, and that of Shaftesbury on the other. It is quite possible to argue against any religious creed on the principle of "the moral fitness or unfitness of actions prior to all will whatever"; and Butler's argument in the *Analogy* can only be made to reach those who do so by arguing that the principles as to the moral fitness or unfitness of actions prior to all will whatever do not reach the case of Divine actions—that is, by surrendering them, as stated by Butler, altogether. There is no doubt the greatest weight in the arguments which Butler repeats on numerous occasions, and enforces with a great variety of illustrations, to show that men cannot presume to judge of the actions of God as they would judge of the actions of men, and that, as far as we are concerned, the facts of life and the world as it is must be taken as final. But there is great difficulty in reconciling this theory with the opinion, which Butler held no less strongly, of the moral fitness or unfitness of actions antecedently even to the Divine will. If such principles exist and are accessible to the human mind, it is hard to resist the conclusion that the human mind may object to the justice of what is alleged to be a Divine mode of proceeding. It must be admitted that there is some appearance in Butler of a disposition to play fast and loose with *a priori* reasoning—to say, "It is in fact perfectly true, and makes in my favour, but if you, my opponent, appeal to it, I will show you that no human creature can presume to apply it to anything which is alleged to be a Divine revelation." This of course does not affect the force of Butler's arguments as against those who do not believe in the transcendental theory of morals and knowledge. A full examination of the question, whether or not the criticism itself is well-founded, would be unsuitable both in character and in extent to these columns; but it would be well worth the while of any one who wished to do real justice to Butler to prosecute such an inquiry.

No doubt Butler gained a controversial advantage by arguing on the premises of his adversaries. The universal influence and lasting popularity of the *Analogy* are due in a great measure to its cogency "*ad homines*." Controversial advantages, however, are dearly purchased if they diminish the intrinsic philosophical merits of a book, and there is some ground for the observation that this was, at least to some degree, the case with Butler. His celebrated chapter on the opinion of Necessity considered as influencing practice assumes throughout that the doctrine of Necessity is absurd. He speaks of "so absurd a supposition as that of universal Necessity." He does not directly confute it, but argues that it makes no practical difference, and that, even if it were true, it would not be adverse to religion. In a word, though he does not directly say so, he writes in such a manner as to let his readers see that he views those who hold the doctrine of Necessity solely in the light of antagonists who have raised a battery against religion and morality, and he directs all his efforts to show that their efforts have failed. It is usual to quote this chapter with an air of triumph, and an exaltation of practice at the expense of theory, which is irrational and not favourable to the pursuit of truth. Mr. Napier, for instance, says:—

The experience of the conduct of Providence at present ought, in all reason, to convince the Fatalist that his scheme of necessity is misapplied when applied to the subject of religion. Every practical application of it ends in absurdity.

There is more to the same purpose. Neither Butler nor Mr. Napier seem to see that you do not prove a system of philosophy to be absurd by showing that it is a mistake to suppose that it is either irreligious or immoral. Butler most truly argues that Fatalism, or the doctrine of Necessity (for he does not draw that distinction between the two on which Mr. Mill has insisted), would not, if it were true, conflict with the fundamental doctrines of religion and morals. Why, then, regard it with enmity, treat it as absurd, and insinuate, by the whole cast and tone of the chapter, that it is nothing better than an unskilful attack upon religion and morality? Mr. Napier observes:—

We should not perhaps overlook the fact that there are those who hold what is strictly and properly the doctrine of necessity, both in philosophy and religion, and accept it rather as a help than a hindrance to their moral life.

He ought not only not to overlook that fact, but to give it the prominence which it deserves, and to add that those who hold this doctrine maintain that it is the only one by which either morality or religion can be set in a proper light. The name of Jonathan Edwards ought to have prevented Mr. Napier from saying baldly that "the scheme of necessity is misapplied when applied to the subject of religion." Edwards was as close a thinker, and in his own way as strict and pious a man, as Butler himself, and since his time the doctrine of Necessity has been held by writers not inferior to him in ability. The doctrine of Necessity means no more than that, if every circumstance connected with a man's choice under particular circumstances were perfectly known, his course of conduct could be predicted with certainty. The fact that he has no consciousness of any external compulsion shows merely that, in the one case of causation of which we do by intimate experience know the nature, the causes do not compel the effect. This tends to confirm the belief that cause and effect are only other words for antecedence and sequence, but it does not in any way whatever interfere with religion or morals. A bad man does not cease to be a bad man because you know he is bad, nor does your knowledge affect your reasons for punishing him. The notion that, by analysing the meaning of the word "freedom," you endanger morality, is as irrational as it would be to fear that the analysis of water would disincline people to drink.

An exact acquaintance with all the mental steps by which Palmer came to poison his victims no more diminishes my inclination to hang him, than the knowledge that water consists of oxygen and hydrogen prevents me from drinking when I am thirsty. It is a real defect in Butler that he did not deal candidly with the doctrine of Necessity, nor distinguish between the doctrine itself and the bad uses to which hasty persons might apply it. His chapter on the subject is open to the same sort of criticism as might be applied to a man who thought he had tripped up Berkeley's theory about matter by showing (as it would be easy to show) that a consistent disciple of Berkeley would act towards matter like all the rest of the world. No doubt he would, and if Berkeley was right, so he ought to do. No doubt the doctrine of Necessity is perfectly reconcilable with religion. So much the better for the doctrine of Necessity.

Mr. Napier takes part very elaborately in a well-known and somewhat difficult controversy on the question whether Butler rightly understood the doctrine of probability, or whether he confounded what has been called probability before and probability after the fact—a distinction which would, perhaps, be better denoted by the words "probability" and "chance." This controversy arises out of a chapter "on the supposed presumption against a revelation considered as miraculous," in the course of which Butler discusses the question whether there is any peculiar presumption from analogy against miracles, after the settlement and during the continuance of a course of nature. Mr. Napier's explanation is considerably longer than Butler's whole statement, and is probably better suited for oral delivery than for publication in its present form. Though on the whole, and in a somewhat cumbersome way, it appears to come pretty nearly to a true conclusion, we do not think that it either clearly apprehends the objection urged against Butler, or entirely frees him from the charge of having overlooked a rather obscure distinction which, after all, was not essential to his argument. Butler is arguing on the question whether there is any peculiar presumption against miracles—such a presumption "as would render them in any sort incredible"; probably he meant to add, whatever specific evidence might be alleged in their favour. In other words, he is considering whether there is any *a priori* reason which dispenses us from examining the evidence in favour of an alleged miracle. That, at least, is Mr. Napier's view of his meaning. Every one in the present day would answer this question in the negative. Hume himself would probably have done so if he had had it properly put before him. The opposite opinion is so obviously unphilosophical that it is hard to understand how it can be held. It is possible, however, to fall into mistakes in arguing against a wrong opinion, and we venture to think that Butler has done so in this instance, though the mistake, if it is one, is not very material to his argument, and lies rather in expression than in thought. He says—

There is a very strong presumption against common speculative truths, and against the most ordinary facts before the proof of them, which yet is overcome by almost any proof. There is a presumption of millions to one against the story of Caesar or of any other man. For suppose a number of facts, so and so circumstanced, of which one had no kind of proof, should happen to come into one's thoughts, every one would, without any possible doubt, conclude them to be false.

In the next chapter, speaking of objections to revealed doctrines, he says—

But is it not self-evident that internal improbabilities of all kinds weaken external probable proof? Doubtless; but to what practical purpose can this be alleged here, when it has been proved before that real internal improbabilities which rise even to moral certainty are overcome by the most ordinary testimony.

The improbability of which he is speaking in this last passage is the improbability that a passage of Scripture, said to be prophetic of a certain event, should really be so, because, if it had been so, it would have been otherwise expressed. As to this, he truly says, "We scarce know what are improbabilities"; but he had already contended that a great internal improbability, rising even to moral certainty, may be overcome by almost any evidence. It seems to be clear, from these two passages, that Butler supposed that the chance against any common event—against, for instance, the fact that a man dressed in such a manner should at such a day, hour, and minute be seated in such a chair, reading such a sentence in such a book—is "a real internal improbability rising even to moral certainty," in the same way in which it is such an improbability that a man who has had his head cut off should carry it about in his hands. This further appears from his observation that, if any set of facts—such, for instance, as those which we have suggested—were to come into our minds without proof, "every one would, without any possible doubt, conclude them to be false." Surely he would be rash if he did. There is a great difference between concluding that an assertion is false and concluding that we have no evidence of its truth, and the difference between these two conclusions leads to the very distinction which Butler appears to have overlooked.

Probability, or likelihood, as Butler himself observes, means ultimately the resemblance of an event to that course of things to which we are accustomed; and it may be added that the word "probable," as its form shows, means capable of being proved or certified. Chance, on the other hand, means an estimate of the extent of our ignorance. Suppose there are a million and one balls in a bag, one of which is to be drawn out. The chance against the drawing of any one is a million to one. The probability that any one of the whole series will be drawn is not capable of being numerically expressed. When the drawing has taken place,

it will be as easy to prove that any one number has been drawn as that any other has been drawn. We know that one ball will be drawn and a million left, that we should accept the same degree of evidence as to the actual occurrence of any one of the million and one possible events, and that we have no reason to predict the occurrence of any one rather than that of any other. We express this by saying that the chance is a million to one against any particular ball, but that the statement that any given ball has been taken is in no degree hard to prove or improbable. The reason of this is that to take a ball from a bag, and to identify it by a number or otherwise, and to report that number correctly, is a very simple matter. Suppose that two men were to be beheaded, and that we were told that one of the two was to be brought to life afterwards. It would be an even chance which of the two was brought to life, but the improbability of the event is so great that hardly any evidence could prove it. These cases show the difference between a probability and a chance. In each case, for the purpose of calculating the chance, we assume an event which is to happen—the taking of a ball from a bag, or the raising of a dead man to life. This assumption being made, the calculation of the chance is matter of arithmetic. But the probability of the event depends on experience, which shows that some events do and that others do not resemble the common course of things. The chance selection of a particular ball out of a great number does resemble the common course of things. The restoration of a dead man to life does not. Hence, irrespectively of the question of chance, we call the one event probable and the other improbable, and Butler's expressions quoted above appear to leave this distinction out of sight. If he had had it fully before him, he would hardly have said that almost any evidence would "overcome a real internal improbability, rising even to moral certainty." All that such evidence will really do is to prove that an ordinary event took place, against which there was a great chance before it happened. For reasons which need not be stated here, but which any one may see for himself who chooses to read Butler's argument and a letter of Mr. Mansel's in which it is ingeniously explained, this misapprehension is of little practical importance. Butler was so cautious and circumspect that he scarcely ever made a mistake, and, if he did, he instinctively avoided its consequences.

In conclusion, an observation may be made on the *Analogy* which is capable of wide expansion, and which deserves attention at the hands of those who can properly prosecute theological inquiries. A careful student of the *Analogy* can hardly avoid the reflection. What would come of taking Butler at his word? Is he not, in point of fact, taken at his word by a far larger number of persons than might be supposed to do so? Butler wrote in and for an age which he considered as eminently licentious, both in theory and practice. From the advertisement to the conclusion there appear traces of a continual consciousness that he had to do with those who were enemies to religion because they rebelled against morality. He says, writing in May 1736:—

It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject for inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And, accordingly, they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point amongst all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisals for having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world.

And the final result of his whole argument is, that thus much at least must be conceded, even by those who believe neither in free will nor in transcendental morality—that there is such a probability of the truth of Christianity that they ought to act upon the supposition of its truth, and that the doubtfulness in which the matter is left may itself be an element in the probation to which it has pleased God to subject them. This would constitute a real obligation to the practices of religion, and to the observance of the moral law. Had Butler lived in these days, he might perhaps have found occasion to remark that this is precisely the conclusion which a large number of people actually have adopted—that they do observe the practices of religion, and do admit the obligations of morality, and that they combine with this admission the keenest desire for information upon all matters of fact relevant to the subject, such as the true character of the Bible, the historical events connected with the establishment of Christianity, the degree in which human speculations have been mixed with Divine revelations, and the like. All these inquiries are, upon Butler's principles, perfectly legitimate, and they are the natural complement of that state of provisional and, so to speak, prudential belief which he did so much to inculcate. It would be unfair in the last degree to insinuate that he inculcated nothing more. His sermons were addressed to a different class and written in a different tone, but on that point we must not trespass.

CRABBE'S TALES OF THE HALL.*

SO long as poets only write occasional pieces, and come quickly to an end of what they have to say, it is very easy for them to manage with no other subject than their own feelings, sorrows, or fancies. But if they are to make a sustained effort, they must have a subject external to themselves, which they propose to treat in the manner that pleases them. Epic poets choose subjects great enough for epics, and idyllic poets choose such subjects as

* *Tales of the Hall.* By the Rev. G. Crabbe. London: John Murray.

are suitable for idyls—that is, tales of human adventure or suffering where the interest is not quite up to the higher level of the epic. Of these subjects none are more natural to the modern mind than tales of contemporary life. The same feelings which prompt us to depict ourselves in prose fiction also lead us to describe in verse incidents chosen from that daily life in which we take so strong an interest. But it is obvious that these incidents of daily and hourly life may be treated in very different ways, according to the bias of the mind that treats them. The poet may stand in a hundred different relations to the characters whom he introduces into his tale. He may, for instance, make them and their story the vehicle for his own thoughts and feelings. They may come to be almost lost in their narrator, as, for example, the persons described in the *Excursion* are lost and swallowed up in Wordsworth. There is not much of incident in these stories of the *Excursion*, there is not much that can be called distinctively poetry in the treatment, but there is an unending flux of poetical philosophy, very lengthily, but sometimes powerfully, expressed. In *Enoch Arden* Mr. Tennyson seldom wanders away from the tale he has to tell, but he always, or at any rate in the better passages, gives his tale a poetical form. He is the poet telling a tale, whereas Wordsworth is a poet seeking in the outlines of a tale the form or excuse for his philosophical meditations. It is interesting to compare with both of them a writer of a wholly different turn—a poet who tells a tale as a tale and nothing more, who looks on it neither as the vehicle of philosophy nor of poetry, but who simply tries to produce fiction in metre. The merits of Crabbe are great when once we take him on the level where he himself was content to stand. He was not a philosopher, nor in any high sense a poet, but he could tell a tale, and he had a very just perception of the consequences which ought to follow on the attempt to tell a tale in verse. He knew when metre was a gain and when it was a loss to him. Perhaps, in mere power of conceiving character and arranging incidents, he was about equal to Miss Austen as a writer of fiction, and numerous points of resemblance between the two writers will present themselves to any one who will compare their respective works. In some respects, verse, as a vehicle for narration, rises above prose, and then Crabbe is superior to Miss Austen. In many and in more respects, prose is a better vehicle for the purposes of fictitious narrative than verse is, and in these respects Miss Austen rises above Crabbe. Verse is briefer, more taking, more incisive than prose. It drives little epigrammatic points more directly home. It arrests the attention to conversation and incidents by the artificial construction of metre; but, on the other hand, characters are less drawn out, mistakes, blunders, and oddities are less shaded off, the tone of everything is much further from the tone of real life. It is a greater effort to keep up with verse than with prose; it is harder to understand, and it makes us exert ourselves to fill up the blanks it leaves. Therefore, narrative in verse, as mere narrative, will never be so popular as narrative in prose, and Miss Austen has a hundred readers where Crabbe has one.

The *Tales of the Hall* were published when Crabbe was an elderly man, and were not only recognised at once as among the best and most characteristic of his productions, but as embodying in a moderate compass all his leading views of life and morals. They had been gradually worked out during many years, and were touched and retouched until they satisfied his judgment. They summed up to him and to his readers the fruits of his experience and of his feeling, and it is one of their great charms that they exhibit with so much fidelity and simplicity what their author had learnt to think of men and women in the sphere of English life with which he was acquainted. Crabbe's view of the world was not what would generally be called a poetical view. It seemed to him a place full of stupid mistakes, bumbles, and errors. The men he paints are easily led away by temptation, the facile prey of deceit, full of meanness as well as of better things, silly in their religion as in their worldly conduct, and in every way a very unheroic set. His women are almost all weak, and almost all coquettes. That women say what they do not mean, and mean what they do not say, was the great truth which sixty years of observation of the female sex had taught him. No one, he thought, need expect to be happy in this world; for, if worse misfortunes do not overtake him, his own folly and the folly of his neighbours assure him a constant crop of troubles. There are some very bad women in the world, he lets us know, though he very seldom notices them; and a great many bad men, of whom village ruffians moved his deepest anger and pity, and village fanatics his deepest scorn. But the world, as a whole, is not so much bad as silly, and life is not so much terrible as trivial and disappointing. Still, the gloom is relieved by some bright spots. In the first place, there is family affection, and especially there is the unfailing kindness of those bound to each other by near ties of blood. As to husbands and wives, Crabbe's philosophy seems to have revealed to him that, in nine cases out of ten, they are fated to get tired of each other. That love, in the long run, discovers its own mistake, was almost an axiom with him; but he is never tired of painting the effusive affection of English sisters, or the reserved but trustworthy friendship of English brothers. Life, too, was to him full of quiet fun. He saw the oddities, the queerness, the little ludicrous follies and vanities of ordinary people, and he loved to laugh at them in a shrewd gentle way. There was a comedy of errors going on all around him; and although he deplored the errors, he enjoyed the comedy. Lastly, he had a pro-

found belief in the healing and sustaining power of religion. He had very little theological depth, but he had an abiding conviction that people who tried to be good Christians were the only happy people, and that somehow their miseries and their sufferings were always made up to them. A man who views life in such a temper views it, on the whole, aright. Crabbe's notions are sound notions. There is much crime and misery, and much fun in the world; and religion, if it can but be got of the right sort, is a pearl of great price. No one can quarrel with such a view. It may not embrace all that is to be said of rural society in modern England, but, so far as it goes, it is unassailable.

At any rate, it is a view of life which eminently suits the teller of tales. Crabbe's philosophy gave a thread on which he could easily string together the incidents of a story. And he had also a keen sense of how a story ought to be told, when to be brief and when to be lengthy, how far to be comic and how far to be pathetic, how far description can really describe, and what expressions will best convey the character of the person to whom they are attributed. He very rarely fails in the management of his machinery, and in none of his stories is there any uncertainty as to the sort of persons of whom he is speaking. He generally sets himself to work out a lesson, and although he often chooses to work out lessons of a very humble kind, he succeeds in bringing home to us the lesson, such as it is. One of the best of the *Tales of the Hall* is called "Delay has Dangers." The moral is, that weak young men, when they are engaged, had better marry quickly, or they will flirt with some one else until they lose their old love. This is not a very elevating subject for a poet to take, but it is a truth of daily life, and, having set himself to illustrate it, Crabbe enforces it with great point and vivacity. At the outset of the story he does indeed indulge himself with an excursus disproportionately long on the true meaning of a lady's "No." This is exactly one of the points on which he displays an almost comical earnestness. He is never more business-like and serious than when he unfolds his reasons for not believing too hastily what women say. Having deeply considered the great subject of female coquetry and the best means of foiling it, he gives his fellow-men the benefits of his experience, and in passages like the following he places on record his conviction that men need not be too fainthearted:—

A downright No! would make a man despair,
Or leave for kinder nymph the cruel fair;
But "No!" because I'm very happy now,
Because I dread th' irrevocable vow,
Because I fear papa will not approve,
Because I love not—no, I cannot love;
Because you men of Cupid make a jest,
Because—in short, a single life is best;
A No! when back'd by reasons of such force,
Invites approach, and will recede of course.

Ladies, like towns besieged, for honour's sake,
Will some defence or its appearance make;
On first approach there's much resistance made,
And conscious weakness hides in bold parade;
With lofty looks, and threat'nings stern and proud,
"Come, if you dare," is said in language loud,
But if th' attack be made with care and skill,
"Come," says the yielding party, "if you will;"
Then each the other's valiant acts approve,
And twine their laurels in a wreath of love.

But as soon as he has got over this prelude, which he has lengthened from a sense of duty to poor creatures who otherwise might not know when their mistress was prepared to yield, he goes on rapidly with his tale, and in a few lines exposes the temptation to which his hero is subjected. He goes to stay at a large house where there is a niece of the steward. This young woman meets Henry in one of the large vacant rooms, and this is the way in which she manages to captivate him:—

But, to retrace our story, still we say,
To this saloon the maiden took her way;
Where she beheld our Youth, and frighten'd ran,
And so their friendship in her fear began.

But dare she thither once again advance,
And still suppose the man will think it chance?
Nay, yet again, and what has chance to do
With this?—I know not; doubtless Fanny knew.

Now, of the meeting of a modest maid
And sober youth why need we be afraid?
And when a girl's amusements are so few
As Fanny's were, what would you have her do?
Reserved herself, a decent youth to find,
And just be civil, sociable, and kind,
And look together at the setting sun,
Then at each other—what the evil done?

In a few lines we have here the whole situation before us, and it is given with a rapidity which prose could not possibly equal. Prose requires that the padding of the story should be done at length, and many pages of a novel would be required to explain the seeming chances by which Fanny contrived to throw herself in the visitor's way. In the course of time, he begins to compare Cecilia, his old love, with Fanny, and the feelings with which he regarded them are given with admirable life and brevity:—

Cecilia yet was mistress of his mind,
But oft he wish'd her, like his Fanny, kind;
Her fondness soothed him, for the man was vain,
And he perceived that he could give her pain;
Cecilia liked not to profess her love,
But Fanny ever was the yielding dove;
Tender and trusting, waiting for the word,
And then prepared to hail her bosom's lord.

Cecilia once her honest love avow'd,
To make him happy, not to make him proud;
But she would not, for every asking sigh,
Confess the flame that wak'd his vanity;
But this poor maiden, every day and hour,
Would by fresh kindness feed the growing power;
And he indulg'd, vain being! in the joy,
That he alone could raise it, or destroy;
A present good, from which he dared not fly,
Cecilia absent, and his Fanny by.

We need not pursue the story, but these extracts show the power which Crabbe had of making verse serve his purposes. He does by means of it what he could not have done in prose. What he writes can scarcely be called poetry. Prose could produce exactly the same impression. Miss Austen, for example, could have sketched Cecilia, and Fanny, and Henry's feelings towards both, so that, as a description of character and feeling, there would have been no difference between her sketch and that of Crabbe. But verse, and his command of verse, enable Crabbe to draw the sketch in a much briefer and more effective way; and a command of verse, and an apprehension of the purposes it may serve, are part of the poet's art, if not a very high part. But it would be unfair to say that Crabbe was only in this sense a poet. He often gives vent to feelings that every one would call poetical. More especially the poetical sentiment was awakened in him by the contrast between man and nature—by the indifference with which nature regards the feelings of the heart, and by the changes which man sees in nature according to his own state. For example, the following lines, describing Henry's feelings as he looks on the scenes where at the beginning of his visit he used to see Cecilia in everything, and where he now sees the record of his loss, are full of pathos and of a quaint poetical observation:—

That evening all in fond discourse was spent,
When the sad lover to the chamber went,
To think on what had passed, to grieve and to repent;
Early he rose, and look'd with many a sigh
On the red light that fill'd the eastern sky;
Oft had he stood before, alert and gay,
To hail the glories of the new-born day;
But now dejected, languid, listless, low,
He saw the wind upon the water blow,
And the cold stream curl'd onward as the gale
From the pine-hill blew harshly down the dale;
On the right side the youth a wood survey'd,
With all its dark intensity of shade;
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move,
In this, the pause of nature and of love,
When now the young are rear'd, and when the old,
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold—
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
Half hid in mist, that hung upon the fen;
Before him swallows, gathering for the sea,
Took their short flights, and twitter'd on the lea;
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,
And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun;
All these were sad in nature, or they took
Sadness from him, the likeness of his look,
And of his mind—he ponder'd for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrow'd smile.

The notion of a lover finding things more dreary because it happened to be the time when the young birds had just been fledged, could only have occurred to a man as fond of watching rural sights and sounds as Crabbe was, but it also could only have occurred to a man who watched the common operations of nature with a sympathetic interest. In one of the earlier tales he describes his own early youth while pretending to describe the youth of one of the characters of his fiction, and the genuineness of his feeling and the nicety of his observation are attested by the confession of humiliation which he underwent under the unconcern of the wild birds around him:—

I loved to walk where none had walked before
About the rocks that ran along the shore;
Or far beyond the sight of men to stray,
And take my pleasure when I lost my way;
For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath,
And all the mossy moor that lies beneath;
Here had I favourite stations, where I stood
And heard the murmurs of the ocean-flood,
With not a sound beside, except when flew
Aloft the lapwing, or the gray curlew,
Who with wild notes my fancied power defied,
And mock'd the dreams of solitary pride.

The strength as well as the weakness of Crabbe are exhibited in these lines. Most of the lines are clear, simple, and vigorous, and the feeling described in them rises above his usual height. But the line,

And take my pleasure when I lost my way,

is an instance of that almost childish love of little turns of language and plays upon words which was so happily ridiculed in *Rejected Addresses*. It was not much of an exaggeration when the sham Crabbe of the *Addresses* was made to say, of the lamps lit in the evening, that they

Start into light, and make the lighter start.

Crabbe was seldom more successful than when describing the characters he introduces to us. Ordinarily prose narration breaks down here, and the description of heroes and heroines, and even of comic characters, is proverbially tedious. But verse, with its superior liveliness and brevity, can succeed, although prose fails. There are many excellent sketches of character which Crabbe manages to give in a few lines, and he is especially successful where he is intentionally comic. A lover described in "The Sisters" may serve as an example:—

Thus, thinking much, but hiding what he thought,
The prudent lover Lucy's favour sought,
And he succeeded,—she was free from art;
And his appear'd a gentle, guileless heart;
Such she respected; true, her sister found
His placid face too ruddy and too round,
Too cool and inexpressive; such a face
Where you could nothing mark'd or manly trace.

But Lucy found him to his mother kind,
And saw the Christian meekness of his mind;
His voice was soft, his temper mild and sweet,
His mind was easy, and his person neat,
Jane said he wanted courage; Lucy drew
No ill from that, though she believed it too;
"It is religious, Jane, be not severe";
"Well, Lucy, then it is religious fear."
Nor could the sister, great as was her love,
A man so lifeless and so cool approve.

This is a picture of a young man which immediately commends itself to us as consistent and complete; and yet his inveterate snobbishness, and the different feelings he awakens in the tamer and the more romantic sister respectively, are touched off in a very short space. But perhaps the best sketch in the *Tales* is drawn from still humbler life, and it is hard to believe that any one except an incumbent of an agricultural parish could have painted the village swell so graphically as Crabbe paints his William Bailey:—

But with our village hero to proceed,—
He read as learned clerks are wont to read;
Solemn he was in tone, and slow in pace,
By nature gifted both with strength and grace.

Black parted locks his polish'd forehead press'd;
His placid looks an easy mind confess'd;
His smile content, and seldom more, convey'd;
Not like the smile of fair illusive maid,
When what she feels is hid, and what she wills betray'd.

The lighter damsels call'd his manner prim,
And laugh'd at virtue so array'd in him;
But they were wanton, as he well replied,
And hoped their own would not be strongly tried.
Yet was he full of glee, and had his strokes
Of rustic wit, his repartees and jokes;
Nor was averse, ere yet he pledged his love,
To stray with damsels in the shady grove;
When he would tell them, as they walk'd along,
How the birds sang, and imitate their song;
In fact, our rustic had his proper taste,
Was with peculiar arts and manners graced—
And Absolon had been, had Absolon been chaste.

The picture, however, is not complete without the addition of the lines in which the young woman with whom he keeps company describes him. She is rather inclined to be smart and vain, for which he rebukes her, on which she fires up and replies:—

"And what is proud," said Frances, "but to stand
Singing in church and saving thus your hand?
Looking at heaven above, as if to bring
The holy angels down to hear you sing?
And when you write, you try with all your skill,
And cry, no wonder that you wrote so ill!
For you were ever to yourself a rule,
And humbly add, you never were at school."

This is amusing, and, indeed, Crabbe is hardly ever dull. He seldom interests us profoundly, but he tells tales in verse which are readable as tales, and very few writers of tales in verse have done this. He entertains, interests, and diverts us, and sometimes thrills us with a touch of unexpected power or poetry. But he is not widely read, and it is not likely that he ever will be. Fiction in verse, as fiction, is not equal to fiction in prose, and he is not great enough as a poet to make his tales read for their poetry. The *Excursion* is dreary and prolix, but it breathes the spirit of a great mind, and is full of flashes of high and unquestionable poetry. We cannot know what Wordsworth was unless we read and study it. But then it is worth while to go through much trouble and pain to understand Wordsworth, whereas reading or not reading Crabbe is only like reading or not reading an excellent but forgotten novel. It is pleasant and admirable if we take it up, but it remains almost an accident whether we take it up or not.

ROBERTSON'S LECTURES ON HISTORY.*

MR. ROBERTSON is, we believe, Professor of Modern History in the Roman Catholic University at Dublin, and he has published a volume containing some of the lectures which he has recently delivered. The subjects of them are—the history of Spain in the eighteenth century, the biography of Chateaubriand, and the Secret Societies of modern times. These subjects appear, at first sight, to have but little to do with one another. But they are all of them interesting, and a Professor is not bound to keep to one subject. Mr. Robertson, however, is anxious to show that he is not a mere desultory lecturer, and that there is "a thread of unity" which runs through them all, and by which they are closely bound together. The history of Spain, he thinks, is to be viewed with reference to that of France; and in both countries the revolutionary movement, with its causes and its issues, is the great subject which engages his attention. The history of Spain in the eighteenth century explains the revolutions which took place in the nineteenth. Chateaubriand, again, is connected with

* Lectures on some Subjects of Modern History and Biography, delivered at the Catholic University of Ireland, 1860–1864. By J. B. Robertson, Esq., Professor of Modern History. Dublin: Kelly. 1864.

Spain and its revolution, because he had so much to do with the French intervention in 1823, which, Mr. Robertson thinks, first broke the furious onset of the Spanish revolution, and enabled the Catholic majority ultimately to regain their power. And, lastly, the Secret Societies are connected with both Spain and France, because they had so much to do with revolution in both countries. "Thus," he says, "we see Spain, Chateaubriand, and Secret Societies are closely connected." The close connexion seems rather far-fetched. In reality, we take it, it was an afterthought; for the several subjects are treated each on its own grounds, and show no signs of the artificial and forced turn which it would be necessary to give them in order to make out that there was much in common between them. But an author thinks that greater dignity is given to his work by its being regarded as essentially a whole, and perhaps he feels an additional and secret satisfaction when the bond which unites it into one is so subtle and delicate as to escape ordinary observation till it is pointed out.

Mr. Robertson is neither a very original nor a very vigorous writer, but he is temperate in his language and aims at being fair, and the students at the Catholic University who learn history from him, if they learn it in a narrow and imperfect way, will not be led by his example into any violence of feeling or extravagance of paradox. We should have judged, from the general character of his lectures, that he had inherited the old-fashioned, decorous, mild conservatism which was found associated with so much refinement of training, so much kindness and courteousness, and also so much modest firmness of conviction, in the higher class of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics in France and England during the first part of the present century. We learn, however, from a prefatory address, in which Mr. Robertson tells the Archbishop of Cashel and the public something about his own friends and history, that he is an old disciple and ally of Lamennais, kept straight by the correcting influences of the Faubourg St. Germain. He knew Lamennais in the days of his power, when Lamennais was the pride and hope of the French Tories, and he gives a remarkable account of his position in Paris from 1817 to 1823. "His hours of reception were from eight till ten o'clock in the morning, and at that early hour his ante-room was filled with visitors, each waiting to have his five minutes' talk with the great man. I was reminded of the crowded parlours of the great London physicians." "The first time I saw him," he says, "I was reminded of Barry's portrait of Pascal, in his great picture in the Adelphi." "I felt like one raised from the ground by the spell of a potent magician." He afterwards became united with Lamennais in the bonds of the closest friendship—a friendship which of course was severed by Lamennais' rebellion against the Pope. But it ought to be said, to Mr. Robertson's very great honour, that to the last he speaks with the utmost reverence and gratitude of the friend from whom he afterwards became separated by such an impassable gulf. He is not ashamed to bear witness to his affectionate kindness, and to acknowledge how deeply he himself is indebted to Lamennais for examples of piety, and for lessons in religion, philosophy, and literature "which have been of invaluable service to him through life." He reminds his own communion that they owe to Lamennais their most popular ecclesiastical theories and their most successful lines of action, and that "he made more conversions from Protestantism and Deism than any other writer of the age"; and he is not frightened by his friend's "sad apostasy" from saying that, "if in the long delirium of the last twenty years of his life he was severed from me, as from so many of his friends, he was rarely absent from my thoughts, and formed the subject of many a supplication to Heaven." Very few of Lamennais' early friends could have written of him in this way to a Roman Catholic archbishop. Contrast with this the way in which Lacordaire could allow himself to write about the death of "notre ancien maître, ce pauvre M. de La Mennais." "Je ne connais rien," he says, "dans l'histoire de l'Eglise, parmi ceux qui se sont séparés d'elle, qui ait un caractère de réprobation aussi frappant." It is not difficult to understand that a Roman Catholic may have thought he had good grounds for this terrible sentiment, but we should have thought that an old friend and comrade would have felt some scruples about putting it into words. All traces, however, of Lamennais' liberalism have disappeared from Mr. Robertson's writings, nor indeed can we say that they show any signs of his having been under the influence of a mind of such originality and power. He represents, curiously enough amid the Roman Catholic liberalism of Ireland, the traditions of the French Royalists of the Restoration. The Legitimist *salons* effectually counteracted whatever democratic impressions Lamennais' intimacy might have tended to produce; and, in his views of the later history of Spain and France, Mr. Robertson is a warm partisan, though not a bitter or uncandid one, of the cause and general policy of the old Côté Droit. "The conduct of the Royalist party," he thinks, "was ever noble, generous, and disinterested." Of course their religious principles were excellent, and their political doctrines, allowing for some accidental extravagances, were those of Burke. It is amusing to see the eagerness with which he seeks to invoke O'Connell's authority in favour of the French Legitimists, and to strain out of some vague words of the "great Liberator" an expression of his value for their sympathy, and his dislike of their political opponents. For M. de Genoude and the Legitimist journals which he edited, Mr. Robertson claims "no little share in accelerating the great cause of Catholic emancipation."

Spain is a trying subject to a Roman Catholic and a Legitimist. Of all the countries of the world, Spain is the one in which the

Roman Church and the high doctrines of Legitimacy have most completely had their own way, and the result has been the deepest degradation and fall which any Christian country has ever undergone. It is difficult to understand what misgovernment and national decline can mean, and what is to be accepted as the evidence of them, if they are not seen in the history of Spain during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Robertson discloses the sore embarrassment in which he is placed by the contrast between what he sees and what he ought to see. He is an honest writer, and, besides, the case is one in which it would not be of much use to be otherwise. He ought to see, in the history of Spain, strong grounds for that faith in Bourbon royalty which is the first principle in the Legitimist creed. He ought to see a nation so obedient to the Roman Catholic Church, and with all external circumstances in its favour, setting an example to its neighbours, and exciting their envy by the justice, wisdom, and high principle by which its welfare was secured. What he does see is a series of imbecile Kings, worthless Ministers, liberty destroyed, ruined finances, public virtue dead, literature and science in decay, a great country meeting with nothing but disgrace and ill-success. Mr. Robertson himself traces the picture, feebly indeed, and with feelings most inadequately alive to the matchless and revolting debasement of mind and character in the Spanish Kings and their advisers, political and spiritual; but he goes on writing as if all that was wrong in Spain was that the Ministers were not quite as good as they ought to be, especially in the eighteenth century, when they became much tainted with French philosophy. He tells us, indeed, that a great political mistake in Spain was the absorption of all power by the King, that the *fueros* were abolished, and the Cortes reduced to a feeble shadow. But when other people generalize upon this, Mr. Robertson is up in arms to prove that liberty was not extinct, and that, in fact, Spain, even politically, was on a level with her neighbours. Mr. Buckle had said that the Spaniards had the forms of liberty without its spirit. Mr. Robertson answers him by quoting a passage in which Ranke speaks of the Cortes, much as we might speak of the Legislative Assembly in France, as not being entirely without life and usefulness; and then he proceeds to argue, "on evidence as clear as day," that "so far from the Spaniards possessing the forms of freedom without its spirit, they, on the contrary, preserved, even in the decay of those forms, the active spirit of liberty—the spirit of energetic self-government—the spirit of bold remonstrance with power—the spirit of keen, critical investigation, that embraced every department of government, from the palace to the town council." As more could not be said of the English Parliament of our day, and not so much of all the English Parliaments contemporary with these Cortes of the Spanish Philips, we rub our eyes and begin to wonder whether we are not under a delusion as to the way in which government went on in Spain from the days of the Duke of Lerma to those of Florida Blanca. How it was that this spirit of liberty and of "keen, critical investigation into every department of government, from the palace to the town council," was compatible with the absolutism which Mr. Robertson himself laments, he does not explain; and the result of his lectures is to leave the reader's mind in a state of confusion as to what he is to think of a country where excess of despotic authority was almost the only mischief, and which yet was so free.

The enormous influence of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain, and the apparently unsatisfactory social and political results of it during the last two centuries, have been often commented on. It is a subject worth explaining by a writer of Mr. Robertson's views. But his way of dealing with it, though it may satisfy students of the Catholic University in Dublin, is hardly calculated to produce much impression on less interested observers. In the first place, his standard of character allows of some singular accommodations. We have instances of the way in which he judges of persons who were deeply responsible for the fate of Spain. Philip V. is described as a man of melancholy temper and indolent habits; who would, "sometimes for six months together, although in good health, remain confined to his bed, and there sign ordinances and transact business," and who was "governed by favourites." Yet Mr. Robertson also pronounces that, "in despite of this weak and irresolute character, he sincerely loved justice, and was zealous for the interests and happiness of his people"; and he thus gives us the measure of what he is willing to accept, in an absolute King, as "sincere love of justice" and "zeal" for the good of Spain. Charles IV. described his own life as being divided between hunting and his bed. The *Edinburgh Review* talks of this as "swinish indolence"; but Mr. Robertson resents the expression, and calls it "highly unjust." This King, who did nothing but hunt and sleep, and who abandoned the realm and fortunes of Spain to his Queen's paramour, Godoy, was nevertheless, Mr. Robertson thinks, "virtuous and conscientious," apparently because he consulted his confessor in the nomination to high ecclesiastical dignities. We thus know what Mr. Robertson considers, at least in a Most Catholic King, "virtue and conscientiousness." If the Spanish Church did not raise the national character and morality to what ordinary people in England think a very high point, it undoubtedly may have produced "virtue and conscientiousness" enough, if Mr. Robertson is satisfied with Charles IV. as a sample of them. In the next place, Mr. Robertson's only notion of meeting a general statement is by producing some exceptions to it; and he does not see that, though there are very few general statements, especially on so large a subject as the social condition of a kingdom like Spain, which do not admit of

exception and abatement, yet an exception is not necessarily a refutation, and the general statement may be true in spite of it. There is a general impression that the discipline of the Spanish Church produced, in a nation certainly not behind others in national spirit, in character and ambition, and in fertility and richness of intellect, a stagnation, a barrenness, a starved and helpless imbecility in all great departments of thought, which have had the most disastrous effects whenever Spanish society has been seriously put on its trial by critical events around it, and which have almost excluded Spain, for the last two centuries, from having any place, or being of any account, in Europe as an educated and literary country. Perhaps the general view on the matter is exaggerated; but it is not disposed of by bringing forward Mr. Robertson's three favourite authorities who come up on all occasions—Balmez, Donoso Cortes, and Fernan Caballero. So, against the common complaint of the ignorance and corruption which were found among the Spanish clergy, Mr. Robertson thinks it enough to cite some Protestant travellers who speak of having met with good bishops and friars. The Inquisition, he maintains, has been much maligned—which, being such an institution as it was, the Inquisition may very probably and naturally have been. But he really seems to think that the heavier charges against it—he admits the lighter one, of its having exercised a repression “which experience has shown to be hurtful on the human mind”—depend on the question whether Llorente can be proved to be more or less inaccurate as to the numbers of its victims. He regrets its system of *espionage*, but he holds that it was “mild and equitable in its judicial proceedings,” and he quotes a French traveller of the last century to show that its sentences “are at present dictated by sentiments of mildness and peace.” Roman Catholic writers of Mr. Robertson's views are inclined to be ungrateful to the Inquisition. He would have us believe that it was introduced into Spain against the wishes and judgment of Sixtus IV., and contrasts its severity with the wiser mildness recommended and displayed by the Popes; and, in the next place, he insists very much on its having been, “from its very origin under Ferdinand and Isabella, far more a political than an ecclesiastical institute.” This is hardly fair to the zeal of the Inquisition, or to the results of its operations. It does not strike Mr. Robertson that, if his view were true, the degradation of a tribunal, for whose tremendous power the only imaginable excuse can be the supposed necessity of defending truth, into an “engine of police” would be the most fatal charge which could well be brought against Kings who attempted, and a Church which sanctioned, such an abominable prostitution of the most awful claims of religion. But Mr. Robertson's facts do not look as if the Inquisition were a Government engine. Don Pablo Olavida, a free-thinking reformer, patronized by the Minister of the day, was denounced to the Inquisition in 1776, for irreligious opinions. After a trial of two years, he was condemned to an imprisonment of eight years, and “to the perusal of Lewis of Granada's *Symbol of the Faith*, and of Segneri's work, the *Infidel without Excuse*.” From this odd, and, we should have thought, not very profitable sort of reformatory instruction, he escaped, after two years, by the connivance of the Court. Again, “the Holy Office arraigned Charles III.'s Ministers, Campomanes, Roda, Aranda, and even the good Florida Blanca, on the charges of Jansenism or Philosophism,” and with them “two or three bishops who had sat on the extraordinary council of 1767 which had expelled the Jesuits”; and, in 1784, “the Holy Office was inhibited by Charles III. from molesting all men of title, Ministers of the Crown, officers of the army and navy, and civil judges, till the King had revised the process.” Instances which show that, as late as just before the French revolution, the government, absolute as it was, was liable to be attacked by the Holy Office, and had to protect “men of title” and the King's own servants against its jurisdiction, are odd proofs in support of the assertion that from the first the Inquisition was more a political than an ecclesiastical institution.

There is no particular interest in the lectures on Chateaubriand, except that in a few instances Mr. Robertson is able to speak from personal recollections of the time. Chateaubriand's political career was not a successful nor a particularly admirable one, and Mr. Robertson has to confess that those ecclesiastical liberties which were vainly sought for under a dynasty which professed the most devoted attachment to religion have been since obtained under governments which had a greater respect for the general principles of toleration. His lectures on “Secret Societies,” though they are ostensibly pointed against the revolutionary spirit of the Carbonari and Socialists abroad, may perhaps serve a more useful purpose if they remind his Irish hearers that secret societies directed only against the State come, equally with those avowedly directed against religion, under the condemnation of the Roman Catholic Church.

CUMWORTH HOUSE.*

AMIDST the heats of the controversy as to the exact purpose for which women exist, it is not unnatural that a person with such distinct views upon the subject as the writer of *Cumworth House* should feel called upon to present them to the world in their most attractive light. Whether the world is very likely to sympathize with her is a different question. The old twaddling moonshine theory about women and life has gone out of fashion, and if the heroine of *Cumworth House* is a fair impersonation of its

merits, nobody whose head is not turned by feeble sentimentality will ever wish it to come back again. Still, the simple ones of the earth are sufficiently numerous to make it worth while to examine what many of them would possibly deem an ideal portrait of a perfect woman. The authoress has not been deterred from carrying out her design, by any fear of the contempt of the strong-minded of her own sex, or of the scoffings of coarse men; so that, at all events, she deserves some credit for courage. On the whole, most readers prefer the less heroic qualifications of experience, observation, and a little common sense. It is just possible, however, that, with Jesuitical subtlety, the authoress has written a surpassingly foolish book by way of supporting her radical doctrine of the innate vapidness and weakness of the whole sex. Unluckily for her, people will be reluctant to draw such wide conclusions from so wide a premiss.

Alisoun Grey, the model of what young women should be, is an orphan, who lives with her uncle and guardian. Her aunt, an odious but not uncommon character, dislikes her intensely for no particular reason. Her two female cousins treat her as a feeble baby, and the reader is not disposed to censure them very vehemently on that account. Of her two male cousins, one is a tolerably nice boy who is kind to her, and the other is a conventionally stern man of business who hates her, because he and his step-father are fraudulently making away with her property. But, though Gilbert hates her, still Conway assures the father in a chatty way that he is “not insensible to the quiet persuasive influence which such a pure womanly little thing as Alisoun must unconsciously exercise on all men who surround her—I say all men, because women, it appears to me, have a peculiar resistive power towards women,” and so on. In novels, a father may, if he chooses, allow his boys to let off little disquisitions of this sort, but in real life it is to be hoped that no lad would venture on the explanatory “I say so and so because it appears to me,” without risk of a prompt scourging for his priggishness. In this passage we have what may be considered as the text on which the authoress sermonizes. Alisoun is a pure womanly little thing, and no woman who understands her business on earth will care to do anything else but shed a feeble, damp kind of moonlight over human life. And this duty Alisoun discharges most faithfully. She always looks wan and pale. If anybody speaks harshly, she flies to her own room and has a fit of passionate sobbing. She is generally pining for sympathy, and full of pain about something or other. Gilbert, seeing no other way to avoid the exposure of his fraudulent trusteeship, asks her to marry him. Immediately “her sick heart fluttered,” and she felt “like a bird in a net, like a giant in a pigmy's grasp, like any helpless, small, and gentle creature, before whom open the devouring jaws.” Then “she turned pale and cold,” and gazed with despair “into that masterful white face,” until at length a soft blush dawned on her face, as she remembered that it is not lawful to do evil that good may come. So, after favouring Gilbert with some familiar remarks about wrong being wrong, she refuses him. Then the crash comes, and he tries to blow his own brains out, but only succeeds in making himself an invalid for the rest of his life. All the family except Gilbert and Conway go to live at Cumworth House, upon as much of Alisoun's property as has been saved from the wreck, and the odious aunt hates Alisoun more than ever. Still she perseveres in being patient and pale, and goes on illustrating the authoress's theory that “a woman's life should be just something suffered; of course, I do not mean in the sense of only pain—I mean that she should be acted upon and should act through others, rather than be aggressive and self-asserting.” At this point a Mr. Sturm makes his appearance on the scene, and apparently is designed to show the kind of man who ought to find favour in the eyes of the woman who understands her mission. He had “a face more fit to belong to some wood-god (not unbeneficent) of heathen fable than to a mere man”; his brows were “fierce and bushy”; his mouth “strongly delicate,” but “singularly fascinating”; his manner was “royally absolute in its almost boyish unreserve.” It was only “the strong outspokenness of a free and fiery soul” that kept the impression of his countenance “so perfectly distinct from any idea of heaviness.” He is always flashing questions into people's souls, and the poor womanly little thing is terribly frightened by him. Here is a pleasant sample of his light social conversation:—

“It seems to me,” Mr. Sturm said by and by, when, just before sunset, they began to be on the move, “that we—all and always too materialistic—eating clay (like men of the West) instead of Adam's corn and Noah's wine, often resemble children who, given gold, cry for familiar copper; while at other times we are like those who, turning from a mother's face, cry for the far fair moon; or like men who, in lieu of working a fruitful mine beneath their feet, should attempt with their mining tools to bring down the stars or pick up the milky way. Even so perverse are we. So, when we turn from our material clay-worship, do we occupy ourselves with flying our kites at the firmament, calling that aspiration towards the ideal, instead of, with working the full spiritual good out of things present and possible, finding in the innermost spiritual real the true ideal—sermons in stones and good in everything.”

Of course this inflated meaningless stuff fills Alisoun with reverence for the noble nature out of which it came, and when Mr. Sturm rowed her out in a boat into the open sea and proposed marriage, she was appalled at the height which she was thus asked to climb. However, she confesses she loves him; and there seems no reason why all should not go smoothly, except that we have only reached the middle of the second volume. So, for the remaining volume and half, obstacles are raised with fair ingenuity and all in due time properly overcome. The reader is

* *Cumworth House*. By the Author of “Caste,” “Bond and Free,” &c. &c. 3 vols. Hurst & Blackett. 1864.

uncertain whether to feel more irritated at the womanly little thing or at the fiery free soul. The womanly little thing first of all sends word to the free soul that he must not think she wishes to prevent him from marrying anybody else he may meet with whom he thinks he should prefer. Then the fiery soul grows impatient because she does not grant him the kiss of betrothal. Afterwards, he leaves her and goes abroad for some months, during which an immense amount of pure spiritual outspeaking goes on through the post, in letters that "set her aglow with pride in the power of him she loved, and which, by the reverent worship of their tone towards her, brought her, where she most loved to fancy herself, at his feet." She replies by calling herself "a poor pale little Northern weed, who would be burnt up by all that brightness and glory which is so fit for you—for you from whom I used to shrink as so strong, so bright, that you seemed to me terrible." On his return she continues her shy wooing, so delicious to the free soul, so monstrously wearisome to the reader. On one occasion Mr. Sturm asks her what she means by loving well, and she answers in a speech that reminds one of the old difficulties of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper," explaining her meaning by defining it as "Loving with love that would be content to love for the sake of loving—not only with such love as loves for the sake of being loved." On this and the following page, some form of the word love occurs no less than twenty-eight times, so that we are not surprised on finding, a little further on, that the fiery free soul grows as weary as ourselves of his "white birdie," and jilts her with a cool heartlessness peculiar to men of his stamp. For acts of atrocious selfishness, the man who talks transcendental nonsense about materialistic clay-feeders, and "finding in the innermost spiritual real the true ideal," has no match. This is the only instance of accurate observation that can be collected throughout the three volumes, and, considering the enthusiasm with which Mr. Sturm is delineated, it is to be feared that even this is unintentional. The immediate cause of the falling away of the fiery free soul is the coquetry of a worldly beauty who jilts Gilbert, Alisoun's cousin, for the sake of Mr. Sturm's wealth. Geraldine sings well, talks well, and in every respect is a perfect contrast to the "white birdie," so that the free soul has some excuse for its wanderings. A tremendous scene takes place between Alisoun and her treacherous lover. She utters no reproach of course, because woman's business is to suffer, and her chief misery arises from the fact that she knows Geraldine does not really love him. The fiery free soul is as blustering, melodramatic, and selfish as fiery free souls always are; and finding some reason to suppose that Alisoun is right, and that his new betrothed is something very different from what she pretends to be, he unceremoniously walks away, and leaves her to be jilted too. Alisoun does not at all resent this, firm in her "love-faith," "love-loyalty," and various other barbarously named qualities. She is tolerably happy in hoping that the recreant Sturm is happy, and spends her time pretty agreeably in discoursing with one or two select friends in her usual saintly strain. She must have been an uncommonly tedious companion to people who have not the authoress's taste for the ideal woman. A "white and patient look, as if her heart were far away," a readiness to murmur calm sentences about love and pain and hope, and a general repugnance to behave like a rational being, are possibly certain signs of the true ideal residing in the innermost spiritual real to those who have insight; but to plain folks they are the signs of a silly simpleton. A love-sick maiden is a very unfortunate being, for whom people ought to have as much sympathy as for many more openly recognised shapes of mental distress, but it is preposterous that her patience and misery should be proclaimed as the highest forms of female exaltation. It is all very well for her to "smile up a wan smile" into her friend's face, then to tremble and quiver in every nerve, and smile again; but to talk about this smiling being "something wonderful in its spiritual pure loveliness" is the silliest sort of rubbish. With due perseverance, however, the reader gets through all these morbid and distasteful scenes, and at length leaves the fiery but jilting soul at one with his "white birdie," while the authoress concludes with some unintelligible reflections upon the ideal standard and the ages of untroubled mammon-worship.

It is hard to believe that anybody could suppose that a poor bloodless, nerveless, passionless simpleton like the heroine of *Cumworth House* is the model to which rather more than half of our species should earnestly conform, but the authoress evidently writes from conviction, and is honestly persuaded that human life would be much happier if people would listen to her gospel. Woman's work, the writer tells us, is simply to be, man's simply to do—a statement about as sensible as if she had said, women ought only to drink and men only to eat, or men ought only to stand and women only to sit. The doctrine that "men must work and women must weep" sounded passable in a drawing-room song, which nobody ever took the trouble to think seriously about. Applied to real life, it would produce a division of labour as unnatural as can well be conceived. The authoress of *Cumworth House* has drawn a heroine on this principle, and few men will read her book without arriving at the conclusion that a female Ranter, or a female printer's devil, or even a lady doctor in large practice would be a pleasanter companion than this sickly "white birdie." Feminine graces and refinement cannot be too highly valued, but it is monstrous to confound these most excellent things in women with the patient, watery imbecility of Alisoun Grey.

THE MASTERY OF LANGUAGES.*

THIS is a book which we should really like to understand if we could. Mr. Prendergast has certainly hit a blot. He has pointed out an undeniable evil; of his remedy we should be ready to say more if we better knew what it is. Here is a state of things which certainly needs reform; and Mr. Prendergast, so to speak, moves for leave to bring in a bill to remedy it. For that motion we heartily vote; but when he asks us to give his bill a second reading, we are not so sure of our course. If we do vote for a second reading, it will rather be for our own further enlightenment than as committing ourselves to the principle of the bill. Possibly a Select Committee to find out Mr. Prendergast's meaning and to report thereon would be the best course of all. His position, so far as we understand it, is something like this. Educated people do not learn to speak foreign languages so fast as they might, or so fast as children and uneducated people learn to speak them. Many people who know all about a foreign language have no practical "mastery" over it. They know its grammar and its history; they understand a book written in it; perhaps they can even write a letter in it with perfect correctness; but, when they begin to talk it, they break down. We have no doubt that many of our readers will at once admit how painfully true all this is. Again, Mr. Prendergast goes on to say that men who have passed through what we commonly look upon as a liberal education, that is, who have spent a good many years in the study of Greek and Latin, do not learn to speak foreign languages faster than other people, but, if anything, slower. Nay, he even goes so far as to say that classical scholars have, after all, no "mastery" of their own Greek and Latin, because, though they may know all about those languages, though they can read them and write them and lecture about them, still, from some cause or other, they cannot speak them. All this again we believe to be true. And undoubtedly it would be a great gain if we could learn to speak foreign tongues more readily than we do, and if Latin and Greek conversation were not a thing so utterly unfamiliar to us as it commonly is. And undoubtedly there is something very wonderful in the way in which children learn their own language, and foreign languages too—sometimes even picking up two or three languages at once, and speaking them distinctly, not confounding them with one another. It is certain that the infantine achievements of learning to speak and learning to read are far greater achievements than any that the greatest scholar accomplishes in after-life. They are much more like a creation out of nothing than anything that is done afterwards. When you have learned one language and one alphabet, you have got a standing-ground for learning all other languages and all other alphabets. But the child has no such standing-ground. How a child learns to read is a deep mystery. Arabic and Sanscrit have an awful look to the uninitiated, but they cannot look nearly so awful as the common Roman alphabet looks to those who know no alphabet. To learn to read Arabic, all that is needed is to learn that such an odd-looking mark answers to *b*, and such another odd-looking mark answers to *g*; that some mark should stand for the sound the scholar has long taken for granted. But the child who learns to read has to grasp for the first time the notion of marks standing for sounds at all, with the further difficulty, as children are commonly taught, of learning to distinguish between the letter itself and the arbitrary name of the letter. One does not exactly see how the mysterious ceremony of saying over A B C in a certain order tends to make the reading of words any plainer; but we are bound as good citizens to believe that it does so tend. Anyhow, the child does learn to read, and the mature scholar stands by and wonders. Still the child is taught to read; he does not read by instinct or imitation. But the still grander achievement of speaking is not taught at all; it comes of itself. The child gradually learns, without being taught, to express himself correctly in at least one language, to attach the right sounds to the right ideas, and practically to observe a great many grammatical rules of which he has never heard. All this he does by sheer imitation; he talks whatever those around him talk. He does it very gradually; his command of words is small at first and slowly increases, but he uses them rightly from the beginning. A process closely analogous, Mr. Prendergast tells us, takes place with older children who are thrown along with foreign children, and with uneducated persons who are thrown among foreigners. They pick up a language colloquially without using any grammar or dictionary. They pick it up gradually, sentence by sentence, learning probably only a very small part of the vocabulary of the language, but getting a full "mastery" over what they do learn. Scholars, on the other hand, poring over their grammars and dictionaries, are much longer in gaining the art of speaking a foreign tongue and do not speak it so fluently in the end.

This we conceive to be pretty well Mr. Prendergast's case—a case in which it is manifest that there is a great deal of truth. But when he goes on to explain his remedy for the evil, it is less easy to follow him. He has certainly not found out the art of putting his system in a taking form. A scheme of this sort ought to be set forth in very simple language, and accompanied by a great variety of examples of the plainest sort. And the shorter the story is the better; a pamphlet

* *The Mastery of Languages; or the Art of speaking Foreign Tongues idiomatically.* By Thomas Prendergast, formerly of Her Majesty's Civil Service at Madras. London: Bentley. 1864.

is better suited for such a purpose than a book. Mr. Banting had a remedy to announce as well as Mr. Prendergast, but he showed much more worldly wisdom in his way of announcing it. Whether we believe in the remedy is another matter, but nobody can say that Mr. Banting has failed to make it perfectly plain what the remedy is. He gives us the whole thing in a sixpenny pamphlet; his rules are all there, plain to be understood, set forth in the simplest language in the world. To be sure it was an odd caprice of language on Mr. Banting's part to call fatness a "parasite." Probably William the Conqueror had many parasites about him, but we should not have thought of reckoning his "immensa corpulentia" or "obesitas ventris" among them. But this one fancy does not affect the generally intelligible character of Mr. Banting's scheme. Mr. Prendergast has taken a less happy method than his brother reformer. As far as we can at all make out what he means, he keeps saying the same thing over and over again, and he certainly shrouds up his meaning in a most needless mass of metaphors, comparisons, and big words. He rather reminds us of the Freemasons, who tell us all about Freemasonry, who publish all their rites and ceremonies at length, and yet will not tell us what Freemasonry is. So some of Mr. Prendergast's rules seem ludicrously minute; he tells us how many lessons we are to take in a day or a week, how long each lesson is to be, and how many words we are to learn at each. And yet he nowhere clearly explains to us by examples what the process to be followed really is. When he does give us something like examples, they are taken from Welsh and Telogoo. But then hardly anybody cares to learn Welsh, and nobody save either profound philologists or members of the Madras Civil Service ever so much as heard of Telogoo. What people want to learn is Greek and Latin, German and French. Yet Mr. Prendergast tells us next to nothing about the proper way to learn those languages, while he gives a whole chapter to the peculiarities of the Telogoo tongue and the mistakes which Englishmen are apt to make in learning it. With all this sort of thing the book is stuffed to about five times the size that it should have had. Nor are we much enlightened by a "Labyrinth or Wilderness of Words" which, we are told, "is put forth to show the extraordinary expansibility of sentences, and to meet the objections of those who despise small beginnings, and set a high value on lists of unconnected words." But this Labyrinth, to our eyes, does not contain words, but figures; in a less enlightened age it might have been taken for a conjuring paper; as it is, we look on it with a sort of mysterious awe, and fancy Mr. Babbage in the very middle of it, just interrupted by an organ-boy. We have not the slightest doubt that it means something; only Mr. Prendergast nowhere takes the trouble to tell us in plain words what it does mean. We are more puzzled still, when, in a note at the end, he tells of a machine invented by Mr. Long—surely not Mr. George Long—which turns on its axis, and which "represents the brainbox [*sic*] of a person who has learned exactly eighty-four words of a foreign language, and has neither seen nor heard one word more." This machine "secures limitation, exclusion, interchanging, repetition, and imitation;" it also "personates" "that instantaneous production of the words in grammatical and idiomatic sequence which constitutes 'mastery'"; it "is therefore an interesting embodiment and exemplification in walnut-wood of the whole system." We assume then that there is some special charm in the walnut-wood, and that oak or deal would not have the same virtue. The oak to be sure is the tree of Jove, but then the walnut has the higher honour of supplying Jove with his nuts. But the machine has other virtues also. It "subverses many educational purposes in a more agreeable manner than the generality of merely mechanical performers." For instance, "the art of short-hand writing is communicable thereby"; it teaches Arithmetic without the aid of a Cocker or a Colenso, and "leads learners gently on from numeration to the stiffest questions in the Rule of Three." We are not told whether it manages Vulgar Fractions or Quadratic Equations, or whether it can gently lead a learner over the Ass's Bridge. But it produces "musical combinations" and "Eolian measures"; it produces them "in multitudinous variety" and on "principles similar" to those of "the metaphorical presentation of words." We are now fairly writing like a parrot, if a parrot could be supposed capable of holding a pen. We breathe a little when we are told that, though we must not suppose that the machine "supplies brains or information," yet it "remedies the dearth of imagination and method in pupils and teachers." Great qualities these, but it has higher still; it has attained to one of the most difficult of the moral virtues, as practised in one of the most difficult of positions. "The impartiality of this apparatus in giving sentences to be translated into Greek, is equal to that of a first-class Examiner." Here we think we see land out of a great sea of controversy. An apparatus which is capable of acting as a Greek Examiner might perhaps be not wholly unfit to discharge the duties of a Regius Professor. We are not told whether the apparatus can preach or write essays, but we imagine that a Professor in walnut-wood would at least neither eat nor drink. No one therefore would think of installing such a Professor in a Canonry, or of proposing grants for his benefit out of the University Chest. Nay, the traditional 40*l.* granted by King Harry might return into the pockets of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, and so all parties might be satisfied.

And now for one word or two as to the process itself, so far as we can make out what it is. It seems that one is to begin a language by learning sentences in it, pronouncing them after a native. We

are not to learn particular words, nor to see words written down, still less to learn any rules of grammar, till we have got the "mastery"—a word which Mr. Prendergast, we know not why, always puts between inverted commas. We are to practise "evolutions" upon the sentences which we learn—that is, if we rightly understand it, to substitute other words for the words of the first sentences, so as to produce new sentences of a different meaning but of the same construction. All this of course is to be learned from the mouth of the native teacher. By this means—this imitation of "the child's process"—we shall, in a short time, and almost without being aware of it, find ourselves in possession of a "mastery" of the language for common colloquial purposes. Something like this seems to be Mr. Prendergast's scheme, as far as we can dig it out from the mass of its author's metaphors and repetitions. In justice to him we must add that it is only in the note at the end about the miraculous "apparatus" that he falls into the mad style of writing with which we have been amusing ourselves. But he is throughout very obscure and incoherent, and, if we have mistaken his meaning, we do not at all feel that it is our fault. We think it very likely that an empirical knowledge of a language may be gained in this way in a short time, and that, for people who wish only for such an empirical knowledge, Mr. Prendergast's scheme, put forth in shorter and more intelligible form, might prove useful. But scholars, if they had to make their choice, would rather dispense with these colloquial advantages if they are to be gained at the expense of real knowledge of a language, its history and its relations. Yet we must in fairness say that Mr. Prendergast in no way depreciates the importance of the study of language, especially the ancient languages, as a discipline for the mind. He only wishes that Englishmen learned to speak Latin as well as to read and write it; and in this we fully go along with him.

LESSING'S NATHAN THE WISE.*

RELIGIOUS controversy is generally considered a barren field, and Lord Bacon has been especially praised by Lord Macaulay for viewing it with complete indifference. Yet we ought not to be ungrateful, even in a general literary sense, to that which has given us one of the noblest works of the German drama, Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*. On the remarkable origin of Lessing's last play, and the very pointed moral which is the centre of it, Kuno Fischer has based the commentary before us—an admirable piece of criticism which deserves to be translated wherever the drama is translated, and read with it wherever it is read. The worthiest tribute to Lessing's own genius is a work that endeavours so successfully to emulate his clearness and his critical penetration. In Kuno Fischer there is none of that straining after effect, that desire of novelty at any price, that zeal for paradox as a means of brilliance, and that leaning to sheer nonsense as something out of the way and attractive, which distinguish so many moderns who feel that they are nothing if not critical. Mr. Browning makes his literary man, Gigadibs, in Bishop Blougram's *Apology*,

Believe he sees two points in Hamlet's soul

Unseized by the Germans yet—which view he'll print;

but so many points have been developed in Hamlet's soul since the publication of *Men and Women* that Gigadibs has done well to be silent. Nor do we regret his absence, so long as he leaves the field to Kuno Fischer.

The mode adopted in this commentary on Lessing is, after a short sketch of the history and of the central idea of the play, to discuss the several characters as they bear on the moral and the general action. This no doubt causes occasional repetition, but it tends to clearness and system. And it almost necessarily follows from the view that Kuno Fischer takes of the drama, which, he says, is not so much a work of art as a means of enforcing a certain religious moral. Lessing himself called *Nathan* a dramatic poem, not a play, and his critic hints at two remarkable points which would be flaws in a regular drama, and which the author of the *Hamburgische Dramaturgie* would have been the last to pass over. The one is that the piece is not historically correct; the other that the whole thread of the action depends on a casual and improbable circumstance. In the play, we find that the truce between Saladin and Richard Cœur-de-Lion has lately expired, which would fix the date at the end of 1192; but at that time Philip Augustus had left Palestine, though the letter of the Patriarch of Jerusalem makes him still in the country. Again, Daja, Nathan's servant, has evidently been a long time in his house; but the play makes her come to Palestine in 1189, and not enter Nathan's house till about the middle of 1190, after the death of her husband, who perished with the Emperor Frederick. In any other man but Lessing these difficulties of dates might seem immaterial. But Lessing, who was so careful and minute in his own criticism, would hardly have exposed himself to the censure he had visited on others unless he had some peculiar motive. Again, the whole story hangs on the Templar's resemblance to Saladin's brother. If Saladin had not noticed this resemblance and spared the Templar's life, Recha would have been burnt. If Nathan had not seen the resemblance and divined the relationship of the two, the Templar and Recha, brother and sister, would have married.

* Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*. Von Kuno Fischer. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1864.

Dramatic motives [observes Kuno Fischer] ought not to be so superficial as this; if Lessing's *Nathan* had been nothing but a drama, the composition would have been faulty in more places than one. But the story is only a means to elucidate Lessing's idea. A miracle was essential to bring out the religious side of both Nathan and Recha, and the connexion of events must be so transparent that the Divine Providence should shine through it; Lessing wanted such a miracle for the religious object of his poem, but I seriously doubt if he would have recommended it in his *Dramaturgie*.

It is, therefore, less as a work of dramatic art that *Nathan* is to be judged, than as a means for conveying a certain idea. And this idea is the result of Lessing's controversy with Götze, and is conveyed in the story of the Three Rings. Lessing had edited some posthumous works of the Hamburg Professor Hermann Samuel Reimarus, and, to conceal the real author, had called them *Fragments from the MSS. of the Wolfenbüttel Library*, of which he was then librarian. A vehement attack on these fragments, which were themselves an attack on the Biblical religion of both Testaments, and with which Lessing was by no means agreed, was made by Götze, a Lutheran preacher in Hamburg. In his eyes, the *Fragments* were subversive of all religion, and instead of attempting to refute them he called for a condemnation, both of the wicked author and of the editor who had made himself an accomplice in his wickedness. Lessing replied in the series of letters called the *Anti-Götze*, but in the thick of the dispute the Brunswick Consistory, agreeing with Götze that the *dignus vindice nodus* had arrived, interfered; the Ministry refused Lessing the freedom of the censorship, confiscated the *Fragments*, and forbade the continuance of the controversy. Some years before, Lessing had formed the plan of his *Nathan*; it was now forced upon his mind, and in less than five months the whole work was completed. Such was the fruit of a controversy begun, without the wish of the protagonist, at the suggestion of another, conducted against unreasoning bitterness and threats of consistorial censure, and finally crushed by supreme authority. It is not a little singular that each of Lessing's great dramas should have proceeded from critical discussions. *Minna von Barnhelm* followed the *Letters on Literature*, *Emilia Galotti* came after the *Dramaturgie*, and now the *Anti-Götze* was succeeded by *Nathan the Wise*. If all or any such controversies were to bear the same fruits there would be no reason for the present age to lament the decline of the drama.

But though *Nathan* grew out of a religious dispute which had been waged with much bitterness and personality, it was anything rather than a satirical play, a polemic in the form of dialogue to misrepresent the views of a more powerful reasoner, or a *comédie-pamphlet*. Lessing had a great and noble object in view. He wished to give a worthy answer to the questions which had occurred in his strife with Götze—to show what was the nature, the essence of religion, and what religion was as the basis of all Scriptural belief. The answer is self-denial. But how was this answer to be conveyed in a drama? Lessing met the difficulty by taking an allegory as the centre of his play, and bringing all the characters into a certain relation to the moral of the allegory. The story of the "Three Rings" is taken from Boccaccio. There, too, Saladin's treasury is exhausted, and he hears of a wealthy and avaricious Jew, whom he thinks admirably adapted to refill it. The Jew is sent for, and Saladin asks him which religion is true, the Jewish, the Christian, or the Mahomedan. If the Jew answers in favour of his own, he has insulted Saladin's religion; if in favour of either of the others, he has forsworn his own; and in either case his wealth is forfeit. But the Jew sees the trap, and tells the story of the three rings. A rich man has, among his other treasures, a valuable ring, the owner of which is lord of the house. This ring descends in a straight line from father to son, till it comes to a father who has three sons, loves them all alike, and cannot give one the preference over the others. Each of the three sons begs his father for the ring, and the father has two others made like it, and gives one of them in secret to each of his sons. At his death, all three claim the property. But no one can distinguish the true ring from the false; each of the sons maintains that his ring is the true one, just as each of the nations maintains that its religion is the true one. But to this fable Lessing's *Nathan* adds the further lesson without which the moral would be lost. Merely to say that each of the three religions thinks itself the true one, is a platitude that would hardly have imposed on Saladin. Nathan gives the true ring a virtue in itself, which is to disclose its genuineness; it is to make the possessor loved of God and man, and it is by showing this love himself that he will prove himself the possessor of the true ring. So long as the three religions strive and hate each other, the true ring has either been lost or its virtue is dormant. So long as the contest is waged with the weapons of hatred, prejudice, egotism, and arrogance, it cannot be decided, and when once it can be decided there is no further contest. To this point of view all the characters in Lessing's *Nathan* are referred by Kuno Fischer. He begins with the Christians, the Patriarch, Daja, the Templar, and the lay-brother; goes on to the Mahomedans, the Dervish, Saladin, and his sister Sittah; and comes lastly to the Jew Nathan, and Recha his adopted daughter. But while making this division, he is very careful to guard Lessing against any charge of rendering these characters typical of their respective religions—a charge which, if it were true, would imply that Lessing considered the Jews to be the possessors of the true ring, and the Christians, especially as represented by high dignitaries, to have no claim to it whatever. Certainly the Patriarch of Jerusalem is the least amiable character in the play. Not only is he intensely arrogant and intolerant, the very type of a Pharisee, but he cringes to all in power, and

is all the while conspiring secretly to have them murdered. When he hears that a Jew has found a Christian child, saved her from starving, and treated her as his daughter, he is horrified, declares it would have been better if the child had died in misery, and puts the Jew out of the question with his celebrated maxim, which has become proverbial, "Thut nichts, der Jude wird verbrannt." Nor is Christianity much more pleasing in the person of Daja, Nathan's servant—a narrow, bigoted, excellent woman, tender over drowning flies, and a firm believer in everlasting punishment, who loves Recha, but does all in her power to separate her from Nathan, which would break her heart, and, with all her orthodoxy, wishes to save Recha from a Jew by marrying her to a Templar. "There is a case then," remarks Kuno Fischer, "in which the faith of this Daja is so tolerant that she can overlook religious vows, when she wants to make a match." The Templar and the lay brother are of a very different order; but the Templar is made a misanthrope by renouncing the world—the lay brother is made indifferent. Amiable and almost saintly as is the character of this lay brother, he is content to be weak instead of exerting himself, to leave the world instead of striving against it, to leave the good undone rather than risk doing what is evil. The charming simplicity with which he wonders at the patriarch, who is such a saint, and lives so entirely in heaven, condescending to be so well-informed of the things of this earth, is matched by the way in which he undertakes the patriarch's commission to suggest delicately to the Templar that he should act as a spy on Saladin, and tells the Templar, in the most straightforward speech, both what he was to insinuate and what was given for his own guidance. The lay brother says it has often distressed him, and caused him many tears, that Christians can so completely forget that Our Lord himself was a Jew. And when Nathan tells him of the way in which he received Recha after the massacre of his own wife and seven children by the Christians, the lay brother exclaims, "Nathan! Nathan! Thou art a Christian! By God, thou art a Christian! A better Christian never was!" Why, then, so many critics have asked, did Lessing make Nathan a Jew? Not to glorify the Jewish religion, answers Kuno Fischer, not because Moses Mendelssohn was a friend of Lessing's; not because the enlightened opinions of Lessing's time were friendly to the Jews, but from a much deeper motive:—

We need only to understand the character which is presented us in the poem. A character in which toleration proceeds from self-denial is the actual pith of the character, a virtue in the truest sense of the word. And this comes out the more plainly the less it is favoured by nature and circumstance and all the external forces on which man is dependent. It is easy to be tolerant if you have no reason to be otherwise. Virtue is not easy. She must be fought for and conquered. She is the more genuine as the fight is the harder. If toleration is to be a virtue in the fullest sense of the word, it must proceed from the severest combat with powers that oppose the greatest resistance; it must answer the test. And now take a religion which is proud and intolerant by nature, for pride is never more obstinate than when it is oppressed; take among the religions of the world that which is at once the proudest and the most oppressed, and we must doubt if toleration is possible under these conditions. I take a man whom his religion allows to consider himself chosen by God, whom the world condemns to see himself rejected and despised by men; if his soul succumbs to this double pressure, by the natural course of human passions it must be devoured with hatred and revenge; he will surrender himself to such a thirst for revenge, so demoniacal and so bestial in meaner natures, that he will tear the pound of flesh from the heart of his enemy if it be only to bait for fishes. In this way we come to a Shylock. And if a great soul overcomes these passions, if it wrests from its faith, which is at once the proudest and the most oppressed, the virtue of toleration, we come to a Nathan.

So far from teaching that the form of faith which produced his perfect character is the perfect form, Lessing shows us how the perfect character can grow against the least perfect form. He tells us that it would be little wonder if the patriarch, the representative of the Christian faith, the religion of mercy, was tolerant and loving, for that is the lesson urged upon him by his own doctrine. But that Nathan, who is supposed to be a devout Jew, attached to his own religion and its teachings of intolerance, who has seen his wife and seven children perish in a massacre of the Jews by the Christians, that he should have overcome the temptations both of nature and his own faith is no doubt a marvel, and demands indeed the wonder-working ring.

LES MARCHANDS DE MIRACLES.*

THE history of miracle-mongers, quacks, charlatans, and impostors of divers kinds seems likely never to be exhausted, if only for the simple reason that, as fast as the by-gone achievements of that class are appropriated by the historian, a fresh and no less inventive series of the same kind are making new historical matter at the modern end of the tale. If it were possible to chronicle with exhaustive fulness every variety of fraud, superstition, and imposture from the furthest point of antiquity, to unmask the secret of their management, to analyse their influence upon the human mind, and to trace their agency in the destinies and fortunes of empires or individuals, there would be material ever recurring for the occupation of the annalist or the historian in the calls that are sure to arise out of the phenomena of his own time. The moral and intellectual process is as steadily cumulative as that by which our manufacturers keep spinning their endless coils of rope or telegraph cable, however rapidly it may be reeled off at the original extremity, or as that by which the printer may be at work upon one end of a lengthy scroll while fresh paper of unlimited

* *Les Marchands de Miracles, Histoire de la Superstition Humaine*. Par Alfred de Caston. Paris: Dentu. 1864.

length is being consolidated at the other by the Fourdrinier machine. And there is, it may further be observed, much the same kind of resemblance between the first and each successive stage of the manufacture. In no department, probably, can history be said so exactly and almost monotonously to repeat itself as in that of the illusions, superstitions, and hallucinations of whatever kind in which every age has borne its share. However ingenious and inventive the wits of our dealers in marvel, workers of prodigy, or professors of the black art may appear, their skill and originality seems to extend but little beyond minor matters of detail. In the substantial or general principles, the basis, and the ordinary working of their ideas, there is a wonderful likeness and uniformity. It might be pleaded, upon the other hand, on behalf of the standing repute of all rogues and impostors for at least fertility and inventiveness of brain, that the abundance of dupes, and their proneness to swallow at all times the same transparent baits, are such as to allow neither fair exercise nor adequate stimulus for the versatile powers and innate audacity of the real masters of deception. Be that as it may, the fact of these simple and transparent experiments on human credulity ever recurring, after being exposed and laughed to scorn, is one of the standing phenomena which meet the eye of the observing student of humanity. If the great History of Human Error had ever been worked out by the laborious pen of the elder Caxton, it would have been found from first to last the history of a metempsychosis. As often as our philosophic or historical writers treat us to their researches into this subject, we are conscious of the difficulty they have to contend with in avoiding the charge of sameness or superficiality. The imposition appears too glaring, the mask of the latest adept too like the features of his predecessor. There remains little beyond the names, dates, and political or social accessories of the special episode to mark the character or career of this or that representative of the class who trade upon the folly of their kind.

In the *Marchands de Miracles* we have, from the pen of M. Alfred de Caston, a pleasant and instructive survey of the leading points in the history of this tribe. From the infancy of the world the long line of their exploits comes down to the limit of contemporary experience. *Vieux comme le monde, éternels comme la bête humaine*, these miracle-venders are of every age, and have assumed every variety of aspect, *selon l'esprit des temps*. From the first lapse of Aaron at the foot of Sinai to the latest development of the Mormon mystery at the Salt Lakes, from the Magian cults of Nineveh and Babylon to the tables and *séances* of Foster and Home, M. de Caston traces the long line of individuals, castes, or schools who have created their subsistence and their influence out of the ignorance and superstition of the multitude. Their name is legion, but their motive is one. "Faux prophètes et sorciers, pythoïsses et diseuses de bonne aventure, illuminés, médiums, spirites, somnambules, lucides, évocateurs, charlatans et autres tricheurs de tous les pays"—such are the multitudinous denominations of humbug whose exploits fill up M. de Caston's lively pages. Without making pretension to any elaborate amount of scholarship, he exhibits sufficient acquaintance with the records of antiquity to present exact and faithful pictures of classic and oriental times, and to set in a popular light the best and latest results of learned inquiry into the mysteries of Greece, Rome, Babylonia, and Egypt. It is not, however, with the annals of imposture in the remote past that his enterprise is concerned, so much as with the existing state of the public mind in relation to the revived claims of spiritualism and necromancy. It would appear that the appetite for the marvellous and the illusory is of a far keener and more variable kind abroad than any which exists amongst ourselves at home, and M. de Caston sees, for the more excitable brain and warmer temperament of his countrymen, a far greater degree of danger in the spread of beliefs and practices of this kind than we need apprehend for the matter-of-fact disposition and shrewd common sense of the Anglo-Saxon side of the Channel. His book is pervaded throughout by a moral purpose, nor does he affect to disguise the righteous indignation with which he follows the tribe of hucksters in human credulity and folly. If the rappers and magnetizers were but content to tell the number of your watch, to read your letter with their stomach or with the back of their head, or give you the last news of the beloved object, *le mal n'était guère plus grand encore*. But now that the system amounts to a veritable creed, with its emissaries and its dupes in every family and in every department; now that it menaces religion, society, government, domestic ties; now that the bar, the army, the arts count already their victims without number, while madhouses increase on every side, it is high time, thinks our zealous denunciator of falsehood, to declare war to the knife. To invoke the arm of the law against such practices would be futile—nay, injurious. Persecution does but promote the cause it is intended to put down. To reason we may look for a more potent auxiliary. But the weapon with which we may best hope to pierce, to rout, to annihilate these miscreants, is ridicule. With this view, he would make the whole company of sorcerers and quacks, ancient and modern, defile before the reader, tear off their masks, and judge them according to their works.

It cannot be expected that M. de Caston should have much that is new or original to tell us concerning the Chaldean or Orphic mysteries, the workings of the oracle, or the inspiration of the Pythones. Nor is it his object to speculate analytically upon the physiological or other agencies that may have underlain those puzzling phenomena. Still less is he disposed to sermonize by the

way on the weakness of human nature in pandering through all ages to the craft and duplicity of mountebanks or priests. He is for making each separate page of history tell its appropriate story, and leaving to the *dénouement* of time the task of inculcating the moral. Passing rapidly over the earlier portion of the ground, he gives an amusing list of the various methods of magic or *pavtie* in use amongst the sages of Syria, Egypt, and Greece, together with the names of the celebrated diviners of both sexes from Calchas and Mopsus downwards, and from the Sibyls and the Witch of Endor to the *Prophéties* of Mdlla. Le Normand and the *séances* of Mdlla. Prudence. For the erudition of the book much appears to be due to the *Curiosités des Sciences Occultes* of Paul Lacroix, and to Alfred Maury's *La Magie et l'Astrologie*. Nor has he sought, beyond the few preliminary remarks upon the classical period of his subject, to extend his view beyond the horizon of his own country. Thus we meet with no discussion of the wild and fantastic fruits of superstition in Germany, the extravagances of the Flagellants or Anabaptists, or the dancing and shaking manias. Neither is mention made of the phenomena of witch-finding in this country, of the phantasies of the Ranters, Shakers, or Fifth Monarchy men, or of the atrocities which marked the culminating point of Puritan tyranny in New England. The successive phases of superstition in the history of France are traced with much clearness and vigour, though, of course, nothing very new can be made of such familiar episodes as those of Joan of Arc or Urbain Grandier; while the necessity of the case, rather than any novelty in the way of facts, compels the introduction of the oft-told tale of the Abbé Paris and his miraculous cures suspended by royal *ordonnance*:—

De par le roi : défense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce lieu.

There is a good account of the pretenders to the discovery of the philosopher's stone, of the transcendent hoax played by Dubois upon the credulous Louis XIII. and the astute Richelieu, and of the impudent arts and veiled vaticinations of Nostradamus, which called forth the clever distich of Jodelle:—

Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est,
Et cum falsa damus nil nisi nostra damus.

The ingenious trick by which St. Simon describes the sham Count Fenix de Belmonte, in complicity with a certain French duke, as having duped the Regent Orleans, and paid off an old score of vengeance upon Cardinal Dubois in the shape of a couple of boxes of the ears, anticipates the modern experiment in which the cockney understanding is mystified by dint of a powerful light, a dark chamber, and a sheet of plate-glass. The most graphic portion of the whole work is that which treats of the struggle between the waning power of superstition and the growing spirit of rational and scientific inquiry, together with the horrible extremes resorted to, not by the Church alone, but by the civil power, for the suppression of the supposed agencies of sorcery and *diablerie*. The number of victims who were handed over to the scaffold or the flames in deference to this blind panic, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, almost passes belief. A single inquisitor, Cumanus, began his career of orthodox severity by burning in the year 1485, in the little county of Bulin, forty-one women *pour cause de Sabbat*; and he carried on his process of extirpation to the point that the survivors of the province emigrated *en masse*. His worthy rival, Alecut, began operations in Piedmont by throwing to the flames a hundred and fifty sorcerers in one vast *auto-da-fé*. In the next year, two hundred more witches followed, when the populace, plucking up heart of grace, brought the monster himself to the scaffold. The famous bull of Innocent VIII., who forbade, under pain of excommunication, the reading of the theses of Pico Mirandola, and who introduced into his constitutions the clauses *motus proprii motu proprio*, which were always rejected in France, gave in the year 1489 a fearful impulse to the persecuting temper of the age. In 1524, the pretty little town of Como, in Italy, counted no less than twelve hundred persons burned on the charge of magic. It reads like a dream when we hear of such men as Toréno, surnamed Grillandus, Nicolas Remi, the councillor and intimate friend of the Duke of Lorraine, Del Rio, Bodinus, and Roquet, boasting of having burned, the first 1,770 sorcerers and witches, the second and third 900 each, the fourth 600, and the last a mere 500 by himself. Bodinus, the insane author of a ridiculous book on Demonology, could declare that the list of persons connected with the black arts, as avowed by the unhappy Des Echelles at the time of his execution for sorcery on the Place de Grève, amounted to three hundred thousand, and that there would be no good luck for France till they were exterminated to the last man. A few enlightened and courageous men redeemed the character of their age. Such were the two physicians who, at the request of a commission of Parliament deciding on the fate of forty persons accused of commerce with the devil, delivered the following sensible report:—

1° Ayant à plusieurs reprises visité les accusés, après les avoir fait mettre dans un état complet de nudité, nous avons acquis la certitude, en les piquant en différents endroits du corps, qu'ils avaient le sentiment de la douleur très-prononcé.

2° Dans l'ordre moral, après les avoir interrogés avec douceur, comme l'on fait pour les personnes atteintes de mélancolie ou de folie;

Nous avons pu diviser les accusés en deux classes:

La première partie, composée seulement d'environ le tiers de ces malheureuses créatures, avaient l'esprit tellement surexcité, qu'elles désiraient la mort et étaient prêtes à braver la douleur.

Le surplus des accusés n'était qu'une réunion de pauvres diables stupides, auxquels il ne restait de l'intelligence humaine, qu'un sentiment très-développé de conservation.

Notre avis fut de bailler à ces malheureux de l'ellébore pour les parger, et de les envoyer respirer le grand air des champs pour se calmer.

Notwithstanding, twenty years later, we find doctors of the Sorbonne, such as Delmanet, Morin, and Filesac, complaining that the spirit of toleration had so multiplied the number of sorcerers that they were no more to be reckoned by hundreds of thousands, but by millions, and these learned professors were for calling down upon them all the rigour of the law. The histories of Cagliostro and Mesmer bring M. de Caston down to the latest manifestations of the spirit world through mediums and clairvoyants, against whom he lifts up his testimony with vigour; yet he fails to put us in possession of facts of sufficient definiteness and precision to throw any great accession of light upon the real nature of those mysterious agencies. His work, though entertaining as a chapter in the history of human weakness, is not calculated to effect much towards disposing summarily of an influence which seems destined to retain an indefeasible hold over a certain class of minds.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.*

THIS new volume of Mr. Murray's series differs in some respects from its predecessors. It is much more attractive to the general reader, and, instead of confining itself to facts and distances, deals largely with habits and customs, ballads and traditions. There is no doubt that this kind of reading is a great deal pleasanter than pages upon pages of mere concise description of places and buildings. The present volume, unlike the Handbooks already published for the Southern counties, is full of interest wherever one opens it. It is not only useful for purposes of reference to travellers or to residents, but it is really very amusing even to an otherwise uninterested reader. The editor explains the reason of this different treatment by saying that the interest of the more Northern counties is in a great degree romantic and legendary. "There is scarcely an old peel tower," he says, "on a desolate moorland in Northumberland which has not been the scene of some heroic exploit or romantic adventure during the rude state of border society which preceded the Union." Accordingly, he has taken care to omit no deed of arms by Percy or Fenwick, Armstrong or Ogle; and some particular lives, such as those of Lord Derwentwater, Bernard Gilpin, and that heroine of our own days, Grace Darling, are given in full detail. The result, as we said, is very agreeable; and the editor may be congratulated both on the subject which fell to his lot and on his method of treating it.

Beginning with Durham, we have a succinct history of the Palatinate. Among the names that pass before us are those of Bede and St. Cuthbert, Carleph the first founder of the existing cathedral, Flambard and Pudsey, and the princely Antony Beck. This prelate attended Edward I. in his Scottish wars with 26 standard-bearers of his own household and 140 knights, 1000 foot and 500 horse, "who marched under the consecrated banner of St. Cuthbert, which was borne by Henry de Hornecastle, a monk of the house of Durham." Tunstall and Pilkington, infamous for his sacrilege and iconoclasm, the gentle Morton, Cosin the restorer of the diocese, Crewe the munificent, and Butler of the "Analogy," are the more important names that lead down to Van Mildert, with whom, so late as 1836, expired the regal honours of a Prince Palatine. No part of England is so covered with railways and tramways as the eastern half of Durham. The whole of this district, bare and monotonous in the extreme, is blackened by the smoke of the innumerable collieries, which almost poisons vegetation, covers the fields with ashes, and hangs in a thick cloud overhead. The rest of the county is still uncultivated moorland. But there is much natural beauty in the valleys of the Tees and the Derwent, in the wooded *dennes* which open upon the coast, and, above all, in the stately situation of the capital city and its glorious cathedral on the high banks of the Wear. The Durham collieries, and the habits of the men who work them, are very vividly depicted. Several ancient customs still linger in the rural population of the county, and Hartlepool, in particular, has the reputation of observing some of these most strictly. For instance, the belief is almost universal that bread baked on Good Friday is a cure for most disorders. On the other hand, a blacksmith, who should light his forge on that day, would have ill-luck. Then, again:—

Waifs, or waifs, of dying persons are seen by their neighbours, and many persons even see their own waifs. Garlands are occasionally carried before the coffins of virgins. Salt is placed upon a corpse after death, and is supposed to prevent the body from swelling; and the looking-glass in the death-chamber is covered with white, from fear of the spirits which might be reflected in it. The straw used to be taken out of the bed in which a person had died and burnt in front of the house; then search was made in the ashes for a footprint, which would be found to correspond with the foot of the person to whom the summons would come next.

These superstitions are general. The Hartlepool fishing population, who form a kind of clan, intermarrying with themselves exclusively, are careful to eat fried peas on "Carling Sunday," to carry palms on Palm Sunday, and to give coloured eggs at Easter. On Easter Monday and Tuesday respectively the young men and young women steal the shoes or buckles of their sweethearts, to be redeemed by presents. Harvest is celebrated by "mell" suppers; and yule-cakes are

eaten at Christmas. Morris-dancers still go their rounds; and on the Monday after the Epiphany the "stot-plough," a small anchor drawn by men and boys, is carried round the town, with which the ground is ploughed up before every house from which the party can obtain no gratuity. Finally, whenever a child makes its first visit to a neighbour or relation it is invariably provided with three things—bread, salt, and an egg.

The first route, from Darlington to Newcastle, embraces Sherburn, famous for its hospital for lepers, and Houghton-le-Spring, the rectory of Bernard Gilpin, "the apostle of the north." Here the tower of the church was fortified, and in 1315 it stood a siege from the Scots. We can here only refer to the legend of the *Worm of Lambton*, admirably told by Surtees. Picktree, a village hard by, boasts of a goblin of its own, called the "Picktree Brag," which is supposed to appear in the shape of a horse with a bushy tail. At Gateshead was buried the architect of Newcastle town-hall, whose grave had this absurd epitaph:—"Here lies Robert Trollop—Who made yon stones roll up—When Death took his soul up—His body filled this hole up."

In the second route, the most interesting place, perhaps, is Staindrop (i.e. Stain-thorp, the "stony village"), famous for its church, the burial-place of the great family of the Nevilles. Some of the tombs here are magnificent. The editor's architectural knowledge seems to be somewhat below the average: which makes us suspect that the word "sedilia" used in the description of this church, and at least in one other place, is not a mere printer's error. Raby Castle and Barnard Castle are excellently described, with judicious extracts from sundry ballads, ancient and modern, and from *Rokeby*. The account of Bishops' Auckland might be improved, more light having been thrown recently on the history of the building by some writers of the local Architectural Society. The rectory of Stanhope, worth nearly 5000*l.* a year, may well be noticed as one of the richest in England. The house, built by Bishop Phillpotts, is described as "immense." Durham, Neville's Cross, Ushaw, Lan Chester, Finchale, and Brancepeth, castle and church, follow in order. The editor does not seem to be aware of the peculiar interest that attaches to Cosin's ritual arrangements in the last named church. Hylton Castle—now a ruin—is believed to be haunted by what is called the "cauld" or "cowed" (i.e. headless or cropped) "Lad of Hylton." Unearthly sounds are still said to be heard here at night. Jarrow, with its memories of Bede, and the strange contrast of its antiquity with the signs of modern industry that now surround it, is the last notable place which the Handbook describes in Durham.

Upon the whole, the second half of the book, which is devoted to Northumberland, is the more interesting. Part of the introductory section tells all that need be known of the raids and mose-trooping of the disturbed border districts. Every dwelling-house was more or less fortified, a village being composed of a number of small peels or "bastle-houses." Churches and parsonages were also made capable of defence, and we heard lately of a clergyman still living in an almost unaltered peel. The extraordinary improvements carried out on his estates by the present Duke of Northumberland are cursorily noticed. But it is observed that there is great difficulty in persuading a Northumbrian peasant to use an upstairs bedroom. The people cling to the old custom of sleeping in box-beds, occupying one wall of the sitting-room opposite the fire. The editor tells us that, on the Cheviots, the breed of colley dogs used by the shepherds is preserved with extreme care. Their docility is very great, and they are most carefully trained. Barking is not allowed, nor to seize or bite a sheep. They are taught to run wide round the flock, and to obey the most distant signals of the shepherd—to run, to advance, to walk, or sit down, as may be required. And they are generally reared among children, in order to tame their natural fierceness. The section upon the Northumbrian dialect and pronunciation is amusing enough. The well-known burr is peculiarly to the county, and the natives are very proud of it. Mr. Smiles describes this rolling of the r by giving an anecdote of a Scotch lass who, having taken service at Newcastle, and being asked how she got on with the language, replied that she managed it very well by "swallowing the r's, and gien them a bit chow i' the middle." More curious is the habit of the lower classes to invert words—saying, for instance, "they not can," instead of "they can not." Songs and tales in the Northumbrian dialect are very common. We remember that Mr. Gibson, in an excellent memoir on the county, remarked on the singularly inappropriate modern names so often given to farms and estates in this county. For instance, we find mentioned here such names as Cold Snout, Glower o'er him, Click him in, Make me rich, Seldom seen. It might be worth inquiry whether, by any chance, the more ancient names by which, over the greater part of England, every wood, field, or meadow is known, have been lost in Northumberland, or whether, owing to the unsettled condition of the country in early times, such names were never given. How vile, for the most part, are *new* local names in every country inhabited by an English-speaking population, may be seen by studying a map of the United States. Speaking of ancient customs that survive, the editor mentions that of the "Kern Baby"—a doll dressed with flowers, which is carried at the end of harvest and thrust in the faces of the passers-by while a tribute is exacted. Corpses are watched night and day till the funeral; and this is called the "lykewake." In the last century it was always the custom, we are told, to place a cushion covered with flowers at the cottage doors—"a relic

* A Handbook for Travellers in Durham and Northumberland. With Travelling Map. London: John Murray. 1864.

perhaps of the feast of Lares" (*sic*). We quote the following sentence *verbatim et literatim*, and with what stands for accent and aspirate in the editor's Greek. "December is still spoken of as Hagameny, from *ayimene*, the holy-moon"! Many curious and rude bridal customs survive. Here is one, however, that is pathetic enough. "A woman, when she marries, always, as a part of her trousseau, procures her grave-clothes, and these are put away, and from time to time carefully aired, until they are needed. In moments of gloom, a woman will take them out and try them on, and find comfort in the inspection of the mournful linen." The Northumbrian goblins and spirits are numerous. Dunstanborough is haunted by Sir Guy the Seeker, Chillingham by its Radiant Boy, Bellister by its Grey Man, Blenkinsopp by its White Lady, Haselrig by its Dummie, Denton by the Goblin called Silky, Dilston by Lady Derwentwater, Meldon by a ghost called Meg, Brinkburn by a monk's spirit, Cresswell and Willington by horrible female figures, and Wallington by a headless lady. Fairies are still generally believed in; and a ghostly dog is supposed to follow the midwife when she goes to her duties through the streets of Newcastle. We cannot here pursue further our notice of the Northumbrian part of the Handbook. Otherwise Warkworth and Alnwick, Lindisfarne and Bamborough, Otterburn and Hexham, are names at which we would gladly pause. The editor, by the way, is not half severe enough in his denunciations of the destruction wrought in the last-named church under the pretence of "restoration." Finally, we may commend the description of the Roman Wall; and may mention, as a proof of the completeness of the information given in this Handbook, that, under the head of the Rowting Lynn (a picturesque glen near Ford), we find an account of the very latest puzzle of British antiquarians—a number of inscribed symbols on the sandstone rock. A very curious subject of inquiry has been opened by this discovery. Other similar inscriptions have been recently found in the same district. As yet no light has been thrown upon their meaning. The theory that these symbols represent merely the ground-plans of British forts seems to us altogether untenable.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—The Session will commence on Tuesday, First November, 1864. An ADDRESS to the Students will be delivered by Principal Sir DAVID BEVERIDGE, on Monday, November 14, at Two o'clock. Full details as to Classes, Examinations, Degrees, &c., in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, Law, and Medicine, together with a List of the General Council, will be found in THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CALENDAR, 1864-5, published by Messrs. MACLEACHAN & STEWART, South Bridge, Edinburgh. 2s. 6d.; per post, 2s. 10d.

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